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VIEWS IN THE HOLY LAND.

BY GEORGE HANCOCK GRIFFITH.

Along I slowly tread
The summit of this sacred hill;
The evening glow has chased all gloom away.
The balmy air is still.

Soothed by the blandest skies,
Nestled 'mong oaks high up the central peak,
Lo! in their bosom holy Nazareth lies,
Sweet spot that pilgrims seek.

There, leaning to the west,
Are white walls pictured in my dearest dreams;
Place that all grateful hearts will e'er invest
With mem'ry's purest beams.

From hence the shimmer of that western sea;
And oft from Tabor's pyramid of green
The charms of Galilee.

What scenes we seem to view
From this high point, on Esdraelon's plain,
Where battling hosts their golden chariots drew,
And arrows fell like rain!

Behold the fiery steed
Once more in front of Egypt's hordes we see;
There proud Vespasian his grand legions lead,
And swarming Bedouins flee.

And there that man of God,
Elisha, runs, and Saul with secret tread
Mets Endor's witch upon the hallowed soil
Where Shunam boy fell dead.

White for the harvest life
The fields of cotton now where Arabs stray,
There Roman coats flashed in days gone by,
Crusaders knelt to pray.

On this wide sweep of land
Unmarked to-day by single stream or tree,
The burdened camels move, a swaying band,
And song-birds dash in glee.

Or the Campaign,
To Saviour's birth-place, warm with sun-
set light;
And where the dark vale of the Jordan lies
'Neath brooding wings of night.

We see the rock-hewn room
Where Mary rocked her cradle long ago;
And hear the pensive tones through gath'ring gloom
Of convent bell below.

No more is Carmel's crest,
Nor snow-crowned Hermon's looming cold
And gray; but bright stars glimmer in the west
With foot-prints of the day!

East Lempster, N. H.

is not known, but two miles to the north is the second greatest mine of the section on the same vein. The Homestake is taking out nine hundred tons of ore a day. It yields an average of \$9 a ton—\$8,100 a day, or about \$175,000 a month. They have taken out and extracted the gold from 330,000 tons, and have 900,000 more in sight. The cost of mining is only \$1.90 per ton, of milling only 60 cents, giving a clear profit of \$6.50 per ton.

Let us go into the mine, then into the mill. It is always easier to get out ore from below than from above. Therefore a perpendicular shaft is first sunk one hundred feet. Then a sump is excavated to receive the water and a pump for throwing it out. A room seven feet in cube is then excavated and timbered with posts and beams twelve inches square. Another room is added and timbered on the same level. Then the ore is broken down from above upon the roof of the lower rooms, dropped through to a railroad track on the lower level, and hoisted up the shaft. Other rooms are added in lateral and upward directions, till a space is cleared of ore and filled with frames seven hundred feet long, three hundred feet wide and one hundred feet high. Timbering a mine is usually an easy matter. A few props three or four feet long are put between the left walls to prevent the new sides of the mountain from coming together. But to fill such an enormous space with timber so strong as to prevent catastrophe is a very difficult matter. As the mine rises to eight floors, spouts are arranged to carry the ore to the cars on the lower level or to bins on intermediate floors, which also empty into the cars.

Wandering about in this vast labyrinth of the dark underworld, one frequently comes to gnomes at work swinging the sledge to drill, or lifting the ore into cars, or putting up timbers. Frequently the cry is heard, "Look out for blast on such a floor—three holes!" Stepping into a secure place, we wait a moment for the explosions. They may occur on any floor, for each lower one is always kept larger than the one above by one, or more, seven-foot section. The sound of the explosions in the pent-up mine is peculiar; it seems to crush in one's breast a little. After one great blast I stepped to the place. A huge mass of rock, too large to be put into a hoghead, had been detached from the sloping roof and had broken the six-inch timbers that constituted the floor below. Men were working underneath, but they had stepped into a safe place at the warning cry.

Already the shaft has been sunk another hundred feet for a new level from which to work up by timbered rooms to the timbers of this working. Meanwhile the mountain under which they work must never begin to fall upon them; for if it moves one inch no power on earth can stop it. The amount of ore here treasured is practically inexhaustible.

Follow to the process of extraction. You step upon the cage and are quickly drawn up one hundred feet to the top. Here the mine cars run out and dump their loads of ore into an enormous bin. Below this run larger cars. They are filled and drawn by a little locomotive a few rods into the top of the mill. Here the ore, in pieces from a pound weight to one hundred, runs through a crusher that reduces it to a size that can slip through a two-inch slot. It then goes down under the stamps. These are erect iron bars three inches in diameter with a hammering surface six inches in diameter on the end. Each stamp weighs nine hundred pounds; it is lifted nine inches and dropped eighty times to a minute. Five stamps work in one trough about six inches deep. Into this trough the ore falls and a constant stream of water flows. When the ore is beaten fine enough to flow over the edge with the water, it goes away, and passing over iron plates three feet by eight, which are covered with mercury, the freed gold is absorbed by that metal. The mill has 120 stamps, giving 9,600 such terrific blows a minute. It is a good place to take a 400 talkative man. Adjacent mills make a total of 500 stamps working on the ore of this single mine.

It is singular that the tenacity with which the gold and quartz cling together is what renders it so valuable. Difficulty of getting is the standard of value. When we shall have grown more covetous of knowledge and love than of gold, we can be translated to the place where pure gold paves the streets, and not tear it up. Till then labor, the grand developer of man, must be used to rend the rock and gold asunder.

This is the future New England of the West. Already this ten miles square produces more bullion than the whole State of Colorado, omitting Leadville, and there is twenty years' experience, railroads, and a thousand square miles. Just outside the hills the most enormous crops are raised. There is no drouth, grasshoppers, nor blight. Two railroads are racing for first entrance. Then the inhabitants of the vast plains eastward, longing for a breath of new air, swarm up these hills and grow great and strong on the pedestals that God has reared for great men.

In a few hours I attempt again the sixty hours' continuous staging which I came in. Meanwhile to these people, avaricious of hearing, I have preached and lectured seven times in nine days. Perhaps this close work at points amid wide wandering conforms to the sentiment,—"Be the sweet presence of a good diffused, And in diffusion ever more intense."

SACRED BOOKS OF THE GENTILES.

BY REV. M. S. TERRY, D. D.

There have been, doubtless, many savage islanders who imagined that the sun rose and set for their sole benefit, and who never dreamed that the sounding waters about their island home were at the same time washing beautiful corals and precious pearls on other shores. There have also been, and are to-day, among civilized nations, those who have no appreciation of the lands, peoples, literatures and religions which differ from their own. So, too, there are narrow-minded men who cannot sympathize with a taste for a broad and generous culture, or an ambition to travel beyond the common walks of life.

The mingling of Eastern and Western peoples; their interchange of thought, and comparison of history, literature and religion; even their rivalries and wars, have all tended to advance the general intelligence and best interests of mankind; and narrow and unworthy is the prejudice which refuses to recognize the excellences of men or religions foreign to ourselves.

All right-minded scholars will welcome the results of Max Müller's enterprise in furnishing the English-speaking public with correct and reliable translations of the sacred books of the East. Already have six octavo volumes come from the Clarendon press, and their general style and character may be regarded as fair samples of all that are to follow. The six volumes thus far published contain translations of the Upanishads (philosophical treatises of the Veda), by Müller himself; Apastamba's "Aphorisms on the Sacred Law of the Hindoos," and Gautama's "Institutes of the Sacred Law," by Georg Bühler; three of the Chinese sacred books—the Shu King, Shih King and Hsiao King—by Dr. James Legge; a part of the Zendavesta [the Vendidad], by J. Darmesteter; Pahlavi Texts, a body of Parsi literature later than the Avesta, by E. W. West; and the Institutes of Vishnu, by Julius Jolly.

These volumes are printed in clear and beautiful type, a luxury to the reader's eye, and the translations are accompanied with ample introductions and notes, sufficient to furnish the general reader with the information necessary to understand the scope and character of the several works. The cost of the whole, however, averaging about three dollars a volume, puts this interesting library beyond the reach of the many, and the publishing various treatises in separate parts is objectionable. Thus Müller has furnished Part I of the Upanishads, and this is the first volume of the series; but five volumes of other books, and most of them only parts, have followed, numbered regularly Vol. 1, 2, 3, etc., and we know not how many parts of other works will fol-

low before we get Part II of the Upanishads. The same confusion and irregularity appear in that most valuable series of the ancient fathers, "The Ante-Nicene Christian Library," published by the Clarks of Edinburgh. This feature, however, seems to be a peculiarity of British publishers.

It is not to be supposed that the translation of any sacred book can fully take the place of the original. The master in any department of literature or science is he who can go for himself to the roots of things. But it is well for us to remember that the first scholars of our day meet with inexplicable problems in the study of these ancient books. In many passages the latest translation and exposition of the Rig-Veda is confessedly only an approximation, or an essay at defining the true interpretation. No scholar professes to understand, much less to expound, all the chapters of the Avesta. Even Dr. Legge, so long a student of the Chinese literature, writes as follows of his own attempts at a translation of the Tao-Teh-King, the work of the old philosopher Lao-tse:—"During the last two years I have myself made two versions of the original and advanced a considerable way with a third. Notwithstanding the success afforded by Julien and Chalmers [previous translators], I undertook the labor of translating afresh for myself, transcribing at the same time the original and the happiest portions of Chinese commentary on it, because I have learned by experience that such a process gives one most readily a mastery of the old books of China. Their meaning and spirit soak gradually into the mind. My long dealing with them has not yet enabled me to make them throw open their gates at the first summons. After all my pains with the Tao-Teh-King, I am still waiting for more light on many chapters." Let the above confession suggest the amount of patience, and studious toil, and brains expended, in the preparation of this series of translations. But while many passages, in all these books, as also in our own Bible, remain in mystery, the general scope and contents are made intelligible to the ordinary reader.

We believe that the translation of these sacred books will contribute to the wider diffusion and triumph of Christianity. Pompous and superficial talkers and writers have dilated on the profound wisdom and manifold excellences of the Bibles of other nations, and such utterances have been construed to the disparagement of the Holy Scriptures. But let these books be now examined; let them be widely read (if that be possible), and see if the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments do not acquire a higher authority and a nobler rank. It will then be seen, as not before, how, as a body of laws, and history, and poetry, and prophecy, the Bible is the Book of books, and above all other books combined, "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness."

Let the diligent reader go patiently, carefully and candidly through these rival Scriptures; let him even memorize the noblest Vedie hymns, and study the Tripitaka of the Buddhists with all the enthusiasm of an Edwin Arnold; let him study the Kings of Confucius, and the Tao-Teh-King of Lao-tse; the Avesta of Zoroaster, and the sacred inscriptions of Assyria and Babylon; let him search the Egyptian Book of the Dead and the Mohammedan Koran; and if he will go further, let him add to these the ancient epics of India and of Greece, and the Scandinavian Eddas; yet will he find among the Psalms of David a beauty and purity infinitely superior to anything in the Vedas; in the Gospels of Jesus, a glory and splendor capable of eclipsing the boasted Light of Asia; in the laws of Moses and the Proverbs of Solomon, lessons of political and moral wisdom far in advance of Lao-tse and Confucius; and the sacred books of Zoroaster and Mohammed, and all the rescued literature of Egypt, and Assyria, and Babylon, the epics of India and Greece, and the Eddas and Sagas of the Norsemen, all will fail as sacred books to furnish any sort of parallel to the Holy Scriptures. "Forever, O

Lord, Thy word is settled in heaven! Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path. The law of Thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver."

AMBULANCE CHAIR.

BY REV. F. H. NEWHALL, D. D.

The HERALD has had its righteous wrath aroused by Dr. Holmes' diatribe on the "Asiatic legends" of the Bible. But the HERALD seems to ask too much of the great "Auto-cratic." It is unreasonable to ask an artist to build roads, much more unreasonable to ask such an artist to go to work upon the "King's highway of holiness." It would be fair to use upon him the old saw once more, "Ne sutor ultra crepidam;" but he does not set up for a maker of walking shoes; he only agrees to furnish fancy work. The world has never expected of him religion, or philosophy, or science; it only asks him to be funny.

Everybody knows that the "one-hoss shay" is delightful for a "sentimental journey," in perfectly fine weather; but it is no chariot of salvation, nor war-chariot to drive over such giants as Jonathan Edwards; much less to crush the stony crowns of Moses and the prophets. It takes more than a "one-hoss" power to do that, even though it be a one-hoss "Brahmin."

It was at the Atlantic Breakfast Table that the clergy were christened the "third sex;" and, as an illustration, a thin-blooded Harvard theologian was set up at the table as a dummy on which the symposiasts tried their conversational knuckles. In the September North American Mr. Hale appears for the "third sex." But the clergy would rather hear him tell stories than see him fight as their champion. Even the third sex has virility enough to resent being characterized as insincere and timid. But the constant readers of standard Unitarian periodicals can easily understand this indictment. A timidity and an irresolution pervade their pages, very suggestive to the evangelical reader. It is surprising and painful to find writings styled Christian constantly arguing about fundamental Christian truths, and apologizing for them, as if they were yet in controversy before the world.

And there is altogether too much of this in evangelical literature also. Men do not apologize for truths that they are acting upon every moment, truths that they "feel in their bones." Give us positive Christianity, that never apologizes for itself, builds no intrenchments, but ever moves forward upon the enemy's works. Coleridge wearied of hearing about the "Evidences of Christianity."

The world has mostly got wearied of it. The great soldier does not conquer by proclamation, but by battle. Positive Christianity proves herself to be of God here and now, not that she was of God eighteen centuries ago in Jerusalem. She points not to historic, but to present, miracles. Her main appeal is not to mouldy parchments written over in dead languages with accounts of lepers once cleansed in Palestine, but she writes Christ's name on men's hearts, and works miracles on those hearts in America to-day. Books of Christian evidence which treat of historic miracles are good as far as they go, but they do not go to the heart of the matter. It is not what Christianity did do, but what it does do, that the world craves to know. Men's hearts are to be won not so much by telling them what Christ was to His disciples in Palestine, as by showing them what He is to His disciples to-day. Christ saves, heals, purifies, inspires, now. To-day He breaks the chains of fatal appetites and passions, lifts the beggar from the dunghill and sets him on a throne, makes man triumph over pain, poverty, disease and death. Christ wrought physical miracles, miracles upon the body, simply to prepare the way for grander miracles upon the soul. "Greater works than these shall ye do," He said to His disciples. And His disciples are doing those greater works to-day. They are saving souls by the million, lifting nations into the light of the Sun of Righteousness, purifying the atmosphere of continents, washing out

the national and social corruptions of ages; and, as man's soul arises, his body rises also; disease flees before the health-giving light of the Gospel; literature, law, science, follow and sow perpetual harvests where the gospel plough has broken up the soil. And a present Christ brings a present reward. It is not a future heaven in a far-away cycle of a future life that is to fire the hearts of the battling hosts in the warfare of to-day. The crown flashes now in the Christian soldier's eye. Is not the great Captain just in advance? Yea, is not the battle thrill itself reward? The Christian's joy is not the joy of anticipation; he fights as a warrior already crowned.

Religion comes first and theology afterwards. Make men Christians by bringing them to a living Christ, who saves now from the chain and the fear of sin, and then you can hold their attention, if you wish, to a discussion on the genuineness and authenticity of Deuteronomy. But a man must himself be filled with Christ to do this. Very many of the clergy are timid, as Mr. Hale declares. But it is because they take truth at second-hand, accept it as a tradition, or as an inference, and do not see it as an intuition. Did anybody ever accuse Abraham D. Merrill or Edward T. Taylor of timidity? They never reasoned about "Christian evidences." Not they! They had no use for Paley's lumber wagons. They never discussed the possibility or probability of divine revelation. They caught up the thunderbolts from Sinai and Calvary and flung them into men's souls. Genuine religious experience, hot and mighty, is what your clergy want, Brother Hale.

It is well enough to argue on the theological topics as an intellectual amusement, a mental gymnastic; there is intellectual satisfaction, but no religion, in it. Religion is a matter of the moral nature. It does not balance probabilities and draw inferences, but sternly says, "Thou shalt," and "Thou shalt not." It uses the "categorical imperative." That is what we want in the pulpit of to-day. Leave the metaphysical drawing-room to the professors in the lecture-room; leave the rhetorical rockets to the platform; leave the lavendered sentimentalism to the magazines; leave the rich orotunds and chest registers to the gentlemen of the stage; but give us in the pulpit men to lead us, men to command us, because they speak under orders from the great Captain of our salvation. The masses of men hunger to be led in this immense battle of life, and the successful leader they will crown with everlasting garlands.

THE LIFE AND TONGUE OF THE PREACHER.

BY REV. S. HENN.

A preacher's life should never shame his teachings; his doctrine should be embodied in his life, and the one should throw a lustre around the other. He who recommends others to fast, should not himself eat too much. He who enjoins much secret prayer on his brethren, should not neglect his own closet. He who preaches that Christians should win souls, must not himself neglect to care for souls. There should be harmony—beautiful harmony—between the words of the mouth and the acts of the life. A certain writer has said, "All things are modified by the mediums through which they pass. The sweetest water from the purest fountain may contract a bitter taste from the pipes through which it is conveyed; and the richest nectar may be spoiled through the impurities of the vessel into which it is poured. And so it is with instruction. It would be well, therefore, for preachers, if they wish the truth they teach to commend itself well to their hearers, to take heed to their hearts and lives. A fault, or even a folly, in them may make the truth distasteful to their congregation."

There are not a few shoemakers who will make good shoes or boots for other people, who will go about with holes in their own. So not a few ministers will preach holiness to others, while their own lives are very unholiness. No man is saved for telling others the way to heaven; to 19

saved he must walk in the way to heaven himself.

If ministers are not themselves affected by the truths they speak, how are others likely to be affected by them? If gospel truths on their own lips produce no conviction and no feeling, how can they look for conviction and feeling to be produced in the minds and hearts of others? Generally, if a minister lacks conviction, no convictions and no conversions will take place under his preaching. Power in his own soul is necessary to enable him to speak with power. Contact with the living God, communion with the Holy One, being endowed with divine energy, will enable him to reach and move the inner man of his hearers. God speaks to the people through him, and they hear His voice. God moves the hearts of the people through his heart and his lips, and they feel His power. How necessary, then, is it for a minister to keep up a close intimacy between himself and heaven. If a preacher liveth not according to his preaching, his preaching will be little thought of by his life.

Preachers of the Gospel are as liable to temptation as other men. They are liable to temptations of a more peculiar nature than other men. The temptation is very strong to preach for gain, or honor, or a respectable mode of living. It behooves us to have a pure motive; to preach simply for the Saviour's glory, and the bringing of erring souls to the truth. We who preach purity to others must be pure ourselves. There never was more urgent need of this than there is at the present time. The coming of the Lord may be very near, when our account will be required. And many souls are in jeopardy, some of whom we may save if we labor with a single eye. Our motive in preaching should be as pure as that of the apostle Paul. Yea, the same motive which influenced Jesus should influence us. The Word of God admonishes us against preaching the Gospel with an unholiness motive. The divine glory, and not some worldly advantage, must be kept before our minds.

Dudley, England.

From our Exchanges.

The world must stand back while we talk with ourselves and with God. Only so can the soul get strength. Moses in the mountain received his commission and strength to carry it. In the darkness of a lonely night the angels came to Jacob. Elijah in the desert got encouragement to stand before Jezebel. John the Baptist in the wilderness learned how to preach unflinchingly to Herod. And so always. God holds Himself in a fine reserve above the passing whirl of things, but the thoughts that go out after Him in solitary ventures, the faith that pursues Him through silence, the love that leans on Him when no other love is nigh, shall find Him. A Christian who dares to meditate will find the fruit of it, and all the world will know it.

"Separated from the world, his breast
Will deeply take and strongly keep
The print of heaven."—Interior.

And it is a very remarkable fact that persons who are worthless for all else, are supreme as obstructives. An iceberg could never build a ship, but it can wreck a ship. A pebble could never start a steam-engine, but used with skill, it can bring it to a stand-still. The men who could never arouse the public mind and carry forward a great movement, can yet prevent more good than the wisest of men can plan. Men who are worthless in the church for giving, for laboring, for advising, for helping, can yet discourage a pastor and frustrate a revival and defeat the new meeting-house. Let us hope that in the wise economy of God, the moral and political icebergs have their place; and that in the end, we shall see that they were created for something.—National Baptist.

There is scarcely a form of rest or labor which may not find development in the autumn season, that oasis between the hot desert of summer and the bleak, bare earth of winter. Look not with regret at the summer that has flown, but recall the hope and glory and fruition of the autumn season, the time of the ingathering of harvest, when the whistle of the farmer mingles with the whistle of the quail borne over the stubble-fields. And so, if you say,

"We, too, have autumn, when our leaves
Drop loosely through the dampened air,
When all our good seems bound in sheaves,
And we stand reaped and bare?"—

listen, and you shall hear another voice saying,

"There cometh to the ripened heart
An autumn season rich and rare,
When all our fruit is turned to gold;
And, though of leaves we're bare,
The harvest standeth, waiting till
The Reaper at the Master's word
Gathers the ripened sheaves within
The golden granary of the Lord."—Christian at Work.

Miscellaneous.

THE DELEGATED CONFERENCE IN INDIA.

BY REV. J. M. THORNBURN, D. D.

My attention has been called to an article by Judge Reynolds in the *HERALD* of Sept. 2, in which the memorial of the above body to the General Conference is referred to in terms which are seriously misleading. In the first place, the "scheme" was not that of a single individual. I am not willing to believe that Judge Reynolds would try to make an adverse cause odious by such an insinuation; but among the extraordinary expedients which were resorted to at Cincinnati to defeat this measure, it happens that this unworthy accusation was included. The memorial was presented by the ministerial delegate of the North India Conference, and not by myself. The constitution of the Delegated Conference was framed by an able committee of nine members of the two India Conferences, and was unanimously approved and adopted by the two Conferences in joint session. It is not probable that our missionaries in India will ever be found more unanimous in support of any measure than they were, and are, in support of this.

It may have been "understood" by Judge Reynolds and his friends that the proposition would not be pressed on account of the opposition it encountered, but this understanding does not tell quite all the truth. The facts are as follows: The question had been made the order of the day for the Saturday before adjournment, but lost its precedence in consequence of the stormy debate which arose over a call for a separate vote of the ministers and laymen. Early on Monday morning a rule was adopted limiting speeches to five minutes each, and the friends of the measure at once concluded that the measure was nearly impossible to present such a question fairly in an address of five minutes, and resolved not to move for another special order of the day. They accordingly notified some of their leading opponents that they would let the measure take the regular course. If reached in its regular turn among the committee reports, they would do their best for it, but otherwise they would let it go. I felt confident then, and feel confident now, that the main resolution of the report, if fairly presented, would have been adopted by a very decisive majority.

Judge Reynolds speaks of a "threat" with which I concluded an article in the *New York Advocate*. I really fail to understand him. I made a statement of what I believed to be a fact, and nothing more. The compiler of an almanac might as well be accused of threatening to make Christmas fall on the 25th of December. The Delegated Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in India will meet in the city of Allahabad next July, pursuant to adjournment, and proceed to the discharge of its legitimate business. The General Conference was informed of this "threat" in the memorial presented, and declined to advise against it, or to assist in directing it. The necessity for a legal organization in India is urgent, and I merely state a fact when I say that the missionaries in India will go on and provide for their immediate wants in the line approved by a very large majority of the great committee on Missions at Cincinnati.

I have no wish to speak disparagingly of the late General Conference, but it is not easy to see what good can come from the indiscriminate approval of every General Conference. Judge Reynolds thinks there has been a "concerted attack" on the late body of which he was a distinguished member. His judgment is worth very much more than mine, but it is possible that he has not mingled very freely with the masses of our people, and does not know the direction of public sentiment outside of certain lines. For my own part, I have been on the wing ever since the first of June, have met multitudes of our people, and talked freely with them, and am constrained to say that nine-tenths of those who have read the daily proceedings are more than satisfied with the General Conference. But for the election of four very safe and popular men for Bishops, the dissatisfaction of the church would have found a good deal of "concerted" expression. That election, more than all else that was done, saved the last General Conference from taking the lowest rank of any session since 1844. As a deliberative body it lacked dignity—I had almost said propriety; as a Christian body it did not edify spectators; and as a legislative body it lacked courage and determination. Its treatment of the educational question alone ought

to decide the question of its character for all time to come.

CAMPING OUT IN CANADA.

I never enjoy the retirement of the woods without realizing, with Bulwer, that "I am gifted with an extra sense." Separated from the "maddening throng" and buried in the silence of the woods, one seems to waken to a new form of life. Sometimes, methinks, the "extra sense" is a quickened faculty of seeing, so keen does this our human eye become. Again, it seems to be the ear that has acquired new power, so multiplied are all the sounds that reach the soul; but then the nose, too, is re-stimulated by the refreshing odors of the fragrant woods. So in my analysis to find the extra sense, I am forced, after all, to the conclusion that retirement such as ours in this our forest home, creates no new sense, but rather quickens all our powers of body, mind and soul, and for the time, makes us better, greater and stronger than ourselves. In my heart I pity him who does not long, at times, to live apart from others. And there is no retirement like that we find to-day in these Canadian woods. I do not quarrel with the man who loves the ocean, but to me its wide expanse is too broad, its ever-rising waves too unceasing in their movements. So mountains are too sublime, and outreach the compass of my limited human faculties. But here we have Nature in her more moderate manifestations—in her more restful moods. These trees rise only part way to the clouds; these hills do not outreach my seeing nor my climbing powers; while yonder lake, that is never ruffled but below its usual calm and quiet surface, delights me more than the swelling sea.

Our present camp is located within the township of Hunterston, about ten miles back of the line of civilization, which runs parallel with the St. Lawrence, and about fifteen miles from that river. Our lake feeds the "Rivière du Loup," and is one thousand feet above Lake St. Peter's, into which its waters empty. We reached our camping-ground by a backroad of about eight or ten miles. This necessitated care in securing and packing provisions, tackle and blankets. There is so much danger, in preparing for the woods, of taking too much of articles better left at home, and of leaving some of the essentials behind. We were three in number, with two guides. All of us had camped before, and our guides were old hands at the business; so no mistakes were made but one: We reached camp to find that, by some oversight, we had but one pair of boots to boil potatoes, steep tea, and bring fresh water from the lake. I never saw such economy in dishes in my life. This universal pair, three tin plates, three cups, three knives and forks, an extemporized bark potato-dish, and a fry-pan, made up all the cooking and eating apparatus of the camp. It is astonishing how little in the way of "kitchen tools" are really needed to "keep house" in the woods.

We left St. Leon Springs under the escort of a delightful picnic party, who accompanied us about ten miles on our way. We dined at Hunterston, secured our guides, made our packs and entered the woods. The route was along one of the old lumbering roads of the Hunterston Company, and was a very fair forest path, though it has not been in use for five years. Our height indicates that we had to climb a good deal, though quite a portion of the ascent from the St. Lawrence was accomplished in our buckboard ride with the picnic party. The forests through which we tramped are largely made up of hemlock, spruce and pine, with an occasional grove of sugar maple. I prefer these pine and soft woods for their refreshing colors and fragrant odors. We crossed two lakes to reach our camp, where we arrived about 6 p. m., in time for a refreshing stew of partridges which we had bagged on our way up.

Before I describe our camp it may be of interest to prospective sportsmen to see a list of our supplies. For a week's stay in the woods we took fifteen pounds of pork, four loaves of French bread, and three of "extra," baked at St. Leon Springs, two pounds of tea, five pounds of butter, ten pounds of maple sugar, one-half bushel of potatoes, salt, pepper and candles, with the trout we caught and game we shot. This was an abundant supply. Some one asks, Why did you take maple sugar? I answer, Nothing is more palatable after a fish and pork dinner than a taste of something sweet. New Orleans molasses answers every purpose, but is much more inconvenient for carrying than the maple cakes. The first time I ever tasted molasses in the woods was at the camp-board of a Boston party, whom I met in these woods three years ago. I never enjoyed a dessert better than theirs of "New Orleans" and bread, and I have no doubt it adds a healthful element to the food of the camp. And when one is so hungry as he is in the woods, it is very essential that victuals that cannot harm should be selected. Aristippus says, "Good cheer is no hindrance to a good life." A fishing party certainly wouldn't think much of life, if the camp supplies were short in quantity, however defective they might be in quality.

Our provisions were abundant and good, and so we suffered "no hindrance to a good life." I wish I could picture to you our camp. One of our party (Mr. Steiger) was artist enough to put it on paper, and his sketch will be a pleasant reminder of one of the most delightful expeditions I have ever made. I have already told you that we were high enough to get pure, bracing air. Our log camp was built by our chief guide early during the spring, and so was very fresh and clean. It just accommodated our party of three, and just filled our eye and heart from the very first. It was "shed tent," in shape, and faced away from the lake, thus shelter-

ing us from any chilly winds that might blow from the water during the late August or early September nights. I have sometimes been forced to extinguish my cheering fire because the wind from the water drove the smoke into the tent. We had no such trouble in this case. The lake below us is one of those gems that are so often found in these northern wilds. It is about one and a half miles by one-half or three-fourths wide, clear in its water, and bordered by as symmetrical and as densely wooded hills as I have ever seen. The view from our camp to-night is one never to be forgotten. The lake is as smooth as glass save when broken by some hungry or frolicsome trout. The moon is just now rising above the green horizon of yonder hill. Our men have located themselves on a ledge of rocks opposite our camp and about one-half a mile distant, and in the glare of a bright fire are fishing to the music of a French song. Our own fire shoots out its answering gleams of light, while the boy of our party (a near relative of mine) is occasionally shooting his breech-loader to hear the echoes along the mountain ridges; and those echoes are really wonderful as they rise and fall along the slopes of the distant hills. To our left and just at the limit of our field of view, we see "Gem Island," diamond in shape and diamond-like in its watery setting. Its shores slope in gradual ascent from the lake to the highest central point, while its growth of trees also rises gradually from the thick, short firs along shore to the towering and kingly pine that crowns the highest point of the island. The whole scene is a perfect picture, and I can only wish you were here to enjoy it with me. Of course one needs the exhilarating influence of forest air and forest life to give the real charm to such a scene.

Such a picture as I have before me to-night would possibly disappoint me if I saw it upon canvas. The exhilarating air of the woods would be lacking, the smell of hemlock absent, and the genial heat of our roaring fire unfelt. And what a charm attaches to a fire in camp! To me there is a kind of fascination flashing from the burning logs and leaping along the tongues of flame that dart from out our blazing camp-fire. At times what brilliant prophecies does one read in the glowing flames! At other times the fire seems to be sable and black in its promises of ill. To me, however, it is very seldom that the forest fire suggests sad or discouraging thoughts. To-night I have been watching the blazing logs, and, in spite of the jarring report of my boy's gun, have silently and yet vividly imagined myself the future possessor of wealth, learning and position. Pardon me for the exaggeration, but how perfectly an eagle with all mankind does the camp-fire put one! If one could remain under its genial gleam and heat, philosophical living would be as easy as breathing.

But it is eleven o'clock, our men have returned from their evening fishing, and we must take our lunch and retire to the boughs. It is a great mistake not to lunch at midnight; we always do it. To-night it is toast fried in butter, sugar and a little pork, maple sugar and tea. We should have had quail on toast but for lack of quail. Mindful of Aristippus, we always have four meals a day, at least. I have seen parties who made so hard a task of these forest sports as to be as stupidly sleepy as a senseless log immediately after an early supper. On such campers the moon's mellow light is lost. To such minds the camp-fire tells no story, imparts no inspiration.

But before I go to bed I want to tell you of our companions of the camp. Guide No. 1 is talkative and boastful—a genuine bushman, a good story-teller, a very interesting fellow, who can embellish his tales with all the shrugs and gestures of the Frenchman. Guide No. 2 is the companion of my boyhood; in fact, he is just my age, and was one of the closest of my playmates. He is very quiet and truthful, and never gives to fishy stories. His characteristics are, no doubt, due to his early companionship with your very modest and truthful correspondent. These two make as complete a pair as any fishermen could wish. I certainly never employed men who have pleased me more than they. Then there is Tiger (Tiger is a dog), short, thick-set, smooth-haired, quiet—in short, the genuine camp dog. He lies all day at our tent door guarding our traps, or leaps a dozen feet into our canoe if we want him to go into the woods with us.

But I must not forget to tell you of a "superb experience" we have had to-day. To preface, let me say that yesterday I was awakened from my after-dinner nap with the shouting of an incoming fishing party, and was soon confronted by two messengers from "Parker Lodge," Caxton Woods, about eight miles to the east of our present forest home. The inquiry was, "How long do you remain in Camp Corlieux?" My answer was, "Till Saturday." They returned to the Lodge, and to-day, in spite of threatening storm, Mr. Parker appeared in one of his shapely Rob Roy canoes, accompanied by his faithful and trusty men. Did you ever entertain friends in camp? I know of no pleasure to surpass that felt in meeting old-time fishing comrades at your own forest board and housing them beneath your own tent. This we have done to-day, and I call it a "superb experience." God be praised for social converse! And one advantage attending this living in the woods is that it quickens one's appreciation of companionship with those whose sympathies and tastes are like our own. I need not tell you how we passed the day upon the lake within our camp or tramping through the woods; enough to call it a very bright "red-letter day."

I have written more than I intended, but the truth is, I love the woods, and love to tell the story of our natural life. Our week passed all too quickly. Our fishing was good, though the trout were not so abundant as last year. Our headwaters fish weighed two and a half pounds, as heavily and symmetrical as

speckled beauty. As ever delighted a sportsman's heart. I cannot close better than by hoping that when you go fishing the trout may "rise to the fly" and allow themselves to be "landed safely."

KIMPTON.

Camp Corlieux, Hunterston Wilderness.

VALLEY OF THE WYOMANOCK.

BY REV. D. SHEPHERD, D. D.

[Continued.]

Hoping it may be the pleasure of the reader to return to the beautiful valley of the Wymanock, I offer my services again to point out its wonders. The partial view already obtained may induce him to follow the meanderings of the valley, or to ascend some of the adjacent hills and obtain a bird's-eye view of the broad and broken landscape, stretching from the Taghkanic range to the Catskills. Besides the beauties of the scenery and the historic incidents connected with the region, the writer has an added personal interest. Here he was born, and born again. Under these skies and amid these hills and valleys his life began to unfold. Every spot has a record in memory. In passing over it, old and dead things start up again into reality. A world below the existing social world is fresh in recollection, and adds not a little to the interest of a visit after long absence.

On a warm Saturday in August I stepped off the train at Canaan and was met by my friend, Benoni Sherman, whose house, just across the hill, overlooks the valley of the Wymanock. Here I spent the Sabbath, and with the family attended the old church where I used to go in my childhood. My host, besides being a large farmer, is a Methodist, a class-leader, and the chief Sunday-school man of the place, being able to perform all the parts but that of singing. Methodism early entered this region and secured a stronghold in the community, through the labors of Asbury, Lorenzo Dow, Moriarty, Schofield, the grandfather of the general, Draper, Hibbard and others of like faith and zeal. The old cider-mill, from the loft of which Asbury and Dow used to preach to the multitudes, is still standing near by. Here and in the neighboring school-houses the new faith bore off some of its notable victories. The community became Methodist, and remained so until the tide of emigration set toward the West. The emigration of the old families has opened a wide door to the Irish, who have been buying up the farms through the town as they have come into market.

But the Sabbath takes us to the old church in the valley near the spot where Brainerd preached to his Indians. After an absence of twenty or thirty years, the place seemed so familiar, yet so strange! The same old meeting-house, with its hitching-posts and ranges of sheds; but the galleries are gone, and the high pulpit has given place to a small modern one, and the old pews are replaced by neat slips. But the changes in the house and its appointments are as nothing compared with the changes in the people. The old church-goers are gone. A new congregation has come to take their place. In boyhood I knew every man, woman and child accustomed to worship there; now I was able to recognize only three or four in the whole audience. Some of them were late importations; many of them had been born within the thirty years; of the old inhabitants some had removed from town; a large part had taken permanent quarters in the cemetery. Of some of those people, who made of a spread in their time and were fully persuaded that they occupied an important place in the universe, if indeed they did not think the universe quite unable to get on without them, the whole record is found in the inscriptions on those cold and solemn marble slabs looking ominously from the yard near the church. Such is human life! Here to-day; to-morrow we join the innumerable caravan, marching to the unknown land. In a brief day our names will sound strange in the places that now know us so well. To be forgotten presents a sad aspect of human existence, but one in which we find the comfort of large and distinguished companionship. We think we are important to somebody, but one day we drop out of sight, like a snow-flake in the river, and the stream of human life flows on as though nothing had happened. Men will not miss us three weeks after we are gone. Our hero, so interesting to ourselves, will perish in the flood with us, only a few stray leaves being preserved for a moment by a distant relative or a dusty and dilapidated antiquary. Another generation, scratching among moss-grown tombstones, will eagerly inquire who we were and what we were here for. If this were all, life were not worth living. Thanks be to God, the names erased here are written there, never to be blotted out of God's book!

In the absence of the preacher, Bro. Dow, a talented and promising young member of Troy Conference, on account of sickness, the writer spoke to the people. How strange to be standing in the place once filled by the fathers—Coleman, Stead, Starkes, Hitchcock, Meeker! Old memories came back in troops. Among my earliest recollections are the pulpit labors of Ebert Osborne and Seymour Coleman. Across these forty and more years I can see Coleman, then in his manly vigor, standing in that pulpit, and hear him thunder like Jupiter Olympus against every form of popular sin. Without troubling himself much about the sins of Egypt and Babylon, he struck right and left at those of the immediate neighborhood, giving them no quarter. He was a great temperance man, and the cause was then new in these parts. One of his stewards was the leading rumrunner, and a class-leader, a devout and godly man, was an habitual user. Seymour made special war in the camp. For his two years he probably did not preach a sermon that was not seasoned with temperance, often quite highly. He drove his rumrunners and drinkers into a corner and argued with pitch-fork logic, making many of them exceedingly mad, in order that they might repent and be glad. Most of them did repent, and his solid biennium of work reformed the church and the town.

E. K. Avery, after his trial, had an appointment here to preach; but so great was the opposition that his enemies held the fort till 10 o'clock at night, and then he took the pulpit and spoke until midnight without a soul leaving. But one personal incident, of great interest to myself, was called up by the services of the day. It was in this house, during an evening service, that I felt the first impulse to preach the Gospel. The scene comes back as though it were yesterday. In imagination, I see the preachers, Stead and Lamont, in the altar and the fathers in the pews. The thought had never before entered my mind; it never after departed. It was a ray of sunlight, a touch, as it were, of the divine finger, which gave a new direction to life. After the Sabbath, my friend drove me to the most interesting localities in hill and valley. One or two of the outlooks were enchanting. Driving to his "Hayes place," a farm on the summit of an adjacent hill, one could "view the landscape o'er"—a natural panorama of hill and vale in which the gold of grain-fields was set off by the bright green of meadow and forest. Turning to the west, we look out over the broad valley of the Hudson. In the distance field of green is observable—as it were, a silver band—the majestic old river, marching on deliberately to the sea; while beyond the Hudson, like a wall reared against the western sky and enveloped in its brown haze, stands out the long range of the Catskills. On the east and north the view is equally striking in the succession of hills and valleys with their rich and ever-varying hues. The eye feasts on the scene and becomes satiated with the wealth of beauty.

After this general outlook the reader

will desire to obtain a nearer, but in some respects a more beautiful, view from West Hill, the elevation before named, as rising in the midst of the triangular valley. In childhood I had often seen this hill, covered with its waving fields of rye and standing like a richly-attired queen in the congregation of peaks; but had never ascended it, though the spot where my ancestor settled a hundred years ago. As was natural, the homestead was the first point of interest. The house is still standing, though at some distance from the old site; a few bricks and stones, with a rank growth of tansy, are all that now mark the spot where it stood. As man needed, the wild luxuriance of nature hastened to take his place, especially in the shape of blackberry bushes loaded with fruit more abundant and luscious than that gathered by Wesley and John Nelson. Desirous to learn a little more about the old farm, we passed the brow of the hill to the residence of Mr. Silas Owen, the present owner. Calling simply to make an inquiry, we accepted the proffered hospitality of the family, and from their piazza enjoyed a remarkable view of the surrounding hills and large sections of the valley. On the east, the Taghkanic range rises like a rampart dividing Massachusetts from New York. To the north, the valley opens well across Rensselaer County towards Vermont, while to the south another part of the valley with the accents about it lies like a map before you.

Just down at the foot of the hill are situated the thermal springs formerly well known as a watering-place, and still frequented by people who wish to spend some time in comparative quiet amid the delights of nature. Here many planters used to come. Martin Van Buren used to meet his political friends. Vanderbilt and Bonner could be seen here in their splendid turnouts, enjoying the hard roads and long drives up and down the valley. To this spot the artists have always loved to come for the charms of natural scenery in the valley and among the hills. Columbia Hall is a sumptuous hotel situated on a low spur of the mountain, from which the views are varied and rich. On visiting the springs, we did not fail to call on Hampton C. Bull, the village oracle, whose head is a curlious shop packed with the reminiscences of all the old and curious things about town. On the street, also, we met Edw. Kendall, the first thermometer maker in the United States, and, as he informed us, once an agent for ZION'S HERALD. He resides here, and is now engaged in the manufacture of the aneroid barometer. He is a local preacher. In boyhood we used often to hear him preach.

A little to the south of the springs, and part way up the slope of the Taghkanic range, stands out in bold relief the beautiful village of Lebanon Shakers. The Shakers are a peculiar class of Adventists. The society originated in England in 1770, but is now confined to the United States. Of Quaker origin, and at first holding the leading doctrines of that sect, especially that of illumination by the Spirit, they received from Al Lee new views in regard to the appearance of Christ, a celibate life and community of goods. Al Lee, a woman, an uneducated but a woman of fanaticism, early became a leader of the society, and removing to America, settled at Waterloot, N. Y. In 1779, a revival took place among the Baptists in New Lebanon, remarkable for its intense excitement, physical convulsions, visions and revelations. The people were carried quite out of themselves, so as to be unable to make their spiritual reckonings; and the preacher, Rev. Joseph Meacham, ran off by these strange manifestations, dazed off to Waterloot to find an interpreter. Mother Ann visited the scene of excitement, and, as might have been expected, captured the whole body of fanatics, erecting the new society on the very spot of their spiritual revivals, and becoming herself the prophetess of

the new dispensation. Meacham became a head Shaker, and the fires of that old fanaticism have blazed on the spot for a hundred years. The singular thing is, that such wild enthusiasms are able to organize themselves into industrious and thriving communities. The explanation is to be found in the fact that they are communistic organizations, controlled by the cool heads. The government is a hierarchy; the ministry control the whole brotherhood, appointing all officers and regulating the entire affairs of the society either directly or through their appointees. A popular election would send them in pieces in a twelvemonth. As it is, the society is a hive of industry, in which everything moves in order under the control of a supreme will. Very few of those who leave the Shakers flourish; they usually lack the self-regulating faculty. For this reason the society is a poor training school for men and women. It teaches them to be children, or mere tools in the hands of their leaders, rather than masters of their own fortunes. In this way self-discipline, which is the grand aim of life, is lost; and instead of the independent and manly virtues belonging to the general Christian community, we have a stiff, communistic and machine morality fit only for a brotherhood of monks. The almshouse is a better school for your child, if he is to live in the outside world, than the Shakers.

Looking a little further to the south, the range of hills and a part of the valley open to view. In the centre of the valley is the homestead of the Tildens, a beautiful place where John Tilden settled and where his grandson, Samuel J. Tilden, was born. His brother Harry still occupies the homestead and has long been engaged in the extract business. The family has stood high for business talent and integrity; but we are sorry to say their neighbors do not speak so well of them in this respect as they once did. Politics seem to have demoralized the whole family.

Groveton (N. H.) Camp-meeting.

This camp-meeting, in charge of Rev. J. W. Adams, presiding elder, began on Monday evening, Sept. 6. A few who had already arrived met in the Stratford tent, whose spirituality and fervor of devotion, accompanied with the assurance of faith, left an impression of what the subsequent meetings would be. The weather was fine, and the attendance large, especially on Wednesday and Thursday—probably the largest ever assembled on the ground. Rev. H. A. Spencer, of the Vermont Conference, opened the preaching service at the stand on Tuesday morning, and was succeeded through the week by the following brethren in the following order: Revs. J. Cairns, J. H. Buffum, G. A. McLaughlin, D. W. Downs, J. H. Winslow, A. E. Drew, E. R. Wilkins, Morse from Vermont, J. H. Brown and N. C. Alger. The preaching was direct and pungent, and is said to be the most effective of any year since the Groveton meeting was established. It is hoped that there was a goodly number of sound conversions, and that the churches were greatly quickened. Brother Adams manifested a desire that this would be in all respects the best meeting, which he evinced in an eloquent and feeling appeal from the stand. He closes his term of presiding eldership this year, and the preachers and people of upper Coos will greatly miss his kind words and smiling face. May his successor become equally well beloved!

A. B. RUSSELL.

Our Book Table.

Continuing the good work commenced a few years since of giving the religious public neat and cheap editions of their standard works, Robert Carter & Brothers issue a fresh edition of Dr. James Murdock's translation of the great work of John Lawrence Von Mosheim, D. D., *INSTITUTES OF ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY, ANCIENT AND MODERN*—three volumes in one, 1-460 pages, for \$3.00. Dr. Murdock's translation, without question, superior to any other, and it is also enriched with very valuable notes and by the addition of many pages of new matter. The work needs not now any further commendation. It is a full history of the Christian Church from the Christian era down to the close of the last century, with sketches of all the leading fathers, doctors and teachers, giving clear presentations of the various heresies, decisions of councils, schisms, church officers and government, with a full history of the Reformation in various countries, Romish persecutions, and of Protestant sects. It is the great Protestant authority on all the points covered by its encyclopedic plan. Its moderate price will make it welcome to the library shelves of the poor scholar in ecclesiastical literature.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. issue, in a very tasteful thin 16mo, with flexible covers, the latest poems of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, commencing with the pathetic tribute to Bayard Taylor and closing with "The Poet and His Song"—the voices of his inspiration.

—For sales pursue him by day.

And he listens, and needs must obey.

When the angel says, "What dost thou say?"

The title is painfully suggestive. It is ULTIMA THULE. Still, in the charming and impressive dedication, there is an intimation that this may not be the final stopping-place of the weary poet, but only a temporary and needed repose.

"Ultima Thule! Ultima Thule!"

Here in thy harbor for awhile

We lower our sails; awhile we rest

From the unending, endless quest."

From the same house, very neatly published, we have THE IRON GATE AND OTHER POEMS OF OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Both this and the previous volume noticed contain fine portraits of their authors. We have never seen a finer, than in this volume, of Dr. Holmes. It opens with his memorable seventeenth birthday poem, and closes with the touching tribute to the "broken harp," entitled "The Silent Melody." Here we find the charming centennial poem at Phillips Academy, "The Archbishop and Gil Blas," his tribute to Whittier, and the poem to the "broken harp," written by his seventeenth birthday, and other occasional and contributed poems. We read his early poems with a singular fascination upon us in college days; we read these, and confess to their stronger power. The man has aged, but the poet is ever young.

W. J. Bartlett & Co. have fresh copies of the second edition of THE JESUS OF THE EVANGELISTS; HIS HISTORICAL CHARACTER VINDICATED; THE EXAMINATION OF THE INTERNAL EVIDENCE FOR OUR LORD'S DIVINE MISSION, by Rev. C. A. Row, M. A. The first edition of this series of admirable portraits of different aspects of our Lord's character and conduct, as presented by the evangelists, is

proof of remarkable rapidity. It is a mission drawn from the simple records of His life, without appealing to the attention of the reader by the use of the Old Testament Scriptures. It is one of those powerful and satisfactory positive apologies for Christianity that inspire while it confirms the faith of the reader.

Roberts Brothers publish the last volume of the collected occasional papers of Dr. C. A. Bartol. The volume is entitled, PRINCIPLES AND PORTRAITS. One can read the Life of Dr. Bartol, and his fraternal and kindly criticisms, and the early books of the latter to the Hartford property, and still feeling a fresher interest in the poetic theology of the West Boston place, as Dr. Bartol's early books give a new currency to his style, and a new dresses, while, cultivated enough, only a handful of singularly people, and his weekly ministry. These different chapters of Principles and Portraits, with often sharp thrusts at the orthodoxy of the day, are a service on the Sabbath in the pulpit. The series are, love, life, business, politics, play, etc. They are picturesque, practical, liberal, and what he affirms to be the orthodoxy of its creeds and pulpits. Some of them have a weird beauty of expression, and all a flavor of free criticism that is characteristic of the writer. The portraits are vivid pictures, as Dr. Bartol, of them, of Channing, Bushnell, Tilton, Garrison, and the artist Hunt. These are all transfigured by the genius of the writer, and are seen as thus clothed with golden robes.

From the same house we have, as the last of the series, a story, a story not very powerfully written, but containing and very wholesome in its moral. It is entitled SALVAGE. Its object is, doubtless, to show both the cause and the remedy of the evils that occur. A hasty marriage, without the birth of love, very naturally ends, after a short period, in estranged hearts and a desire for separation. While the legal process, the husband and wife are brought near to each other in a terrible shipwreck. They learn ardently to love each other, and the divorce case ends in a fresh honeymoon.

SUN, MOON AND STARS: A Book for Beginners, by Agnes Gibberne, with a Preface by Rev. C. Prichard, M. A., F. R. S. New York: Roberts Brothers, 12mo, 299 pp. The author tells in a remarkably vivid way, with familiar illustrations, the always wonderful story of the solar system. The lady has much to say of the power of throwing a ray of light upon the mysteries of the universe, and of the value of the knowledge of an older growth. It is a capital volume. To encourage its reading in the family, to assure the circle of young people of securing something substantial as well as entertaining.

THE LADIES OF THE WHITE HOUSE, by Laura C. Holloway (of the editorial staff of the Brooklyn Eagle), has been issued by J. W. Bradley & Co., publishers, Philadelphia. The work is the only publication ever offered to the American people containing complete sketches of the wives of every President, from Washington to Hayes, and of the ladies who, in one or two instances, presided over the household of the departed Presidents. It is numerous illustrations with fine steel portraits of the subjects of the sketches, and with wood engravings of some of the famous residences of the first ladies. The volume is an octavo size, printed on excellent paper, and bound elegantly in several styles. It is sold only by subscription.

From the same house we have THE FLOATING LIGHT OF RINGING AND GUARDIAN ANGELS, by L. T. Meade. Price \$1.00. The first is a volume of Irish tales, of a false coat light and wreckers, of the power of loving kindness and the faithfulness of a noble dog. There are other good stories in the volume, well told, and well illustrated. "What Dan Saw when He Was Dying," and "Dicky and His Friends."

I. K. Funk & Co., while pouring from their presses excellent reprints in a cheap form, send out a valuable, original treatise by J. H. W. Stuckenberg, entitled, THE HISTORY OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH. We have had Herbert Spencer's extended treatise upon sociology, from the evolution point of view. In this well-compact volume comes a clear and how Col. Mason C. Weld and Prof. Manly Miles these papers have been arranged, edited, and brought out in their present form. As the keepers of stock are hundreds, thousands, the volume will be prized by multitudes of homes blessed by only one of these benign domestic friends. The manual covers every department of its subject, is fully illustrated, and written in a popular style. Its statements and directions can be relied upon. It will be of great service in the purchase and care of cows, and of the milk and dairy products, which are so important to the health of the family.

Harper & Brothers are republishing, in their Franklin Square Library, the earliest literary contributions of Charles Dickens, not included in his published works. They bear the title of MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS, and show both the man and the man in his power of execution. Oliver Ditson & Co. publish THE WELCOMED CHORUS, by W. S. Tilden, for High Schools, Academies and Seminars. Mr. Tilden was for years a teacher of music in the public schools of Newton. He is an accomplished instructor and a well-trained compiler and writer of music, especially for youth. His new knowledge shows excellent taste and a knowledge of what is requisite to meet the growing demands of our young people in this delightful art. The elementary department is especially full and carefully arranged.

New Music. From Oliver Ditson & Co.: Instrumental—Colonel Polka, by Harry; The Merry Old Homestead, by H. Mayhath; Little Ragtime, by H. Lichner, Op. 187. Vocal—The Children's Home, words by F. E. Vogel; The Old Man's Dream, words by G. M. Ballard, music by J. P. Webster; When the Heart is Young, words by Charles Swain, music by Dudley Buck, Op. 67, No. 5.

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ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE, BOSTON, MASS., AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.

ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1880.

Many Christians feel the propriety of carrying before God in social as well as private prayer any special occasions of temporal suffering. We are taught in the Lord's Prayer to ask even for the daily bread. If threatened with drought, or plague, or famine, the soul finds support and secures divine succor in prayer. Neither the logic nor the ridicule of science drives the sincere Christian from the privilege of casting his burden, whatever it may be, upon the Lord, knowing that He careth for him. Why should our political anxieties be brought into the same fatherly and sympathizing Presence? It matters not if we are of different parties and burdened with very different anxieties, it is both wholesome and serviceable to carry our desires unto the Lord. It will purify our own vision; it will allay the heat of passion; it will prepare us calmly and hopefully to accept the event that providentially occurs. God is not confused by divergent voices of prayer. Every sincere Christian and patriot desires that God's will shall be done, and every one can prayerfully leave the matter, after using his best diligence, in divine hands, assured that God can both rule and overrule. Therefore let us pray earnestly that the best interests of the land and all its citizens, and the glory of God, may be secured in the coming election. We shall then be much disposed to vote as we pray.

The fruits of the late meeting at Northfield are seen in the special interest which has been awakened in reference to the office and work of the Holy Spirit. At the quarterly meeting of the Y. M. C. Association, which was held last week in Newton, not only was great prominence given to this in the addresses which were made, but very earnest prayers were offered for a present baptism, and a deep and tender emotion seemed to pervade the audience. There is no evangelizing force like that of the Spirit, and there is no agent so accessible. It may not be possible to secure the aid of a desired evangelist, and if obtained, his services may prove of little avail; but the Comforter, whom the Master promised to send from the Father, abides with the church forever, and only waits for earnest desire and prayer to manifest his presence by unquestioned spiritual signs. When a church anxiously, prayerfully and persistently seeks and waits for the promised gift, it has never occurred that the blessing has been withheld. The church usually seeks an easier process. Without giving herself to prayer and watching, she sends for some special laborer to attempt, by familiar devices, to awaken an interest in spiritual things. Sometimes, by this measure, the church is herself awakened and renewed; often the work is superficial and temporary. Would that a general prayer were begotten throughout the church—O Lord, shed forth Thy Spirit!

Some good men are so irrepressible, especially at camp-meetings, that they will speak regardless of the proprieties of time, place, or circumstances. Wesley had such a man in one of his early conferences, who insisted on telling his experience during a business session. Charles Wesley cried out, "Stop that man from speaking! Let us attend to business!" But the warm-hearted brother kept on speaking, heedless of his rebuke. Charles continued, "Unless he stops, I'll leave the Conference." Wesley, who was enjoying the good man's words despite their untimeliness, cooled his brother's rising anger by quietly saying, "Reach him his hat!" Perhaps Charles deserved this witty retort for his impatience with the spiritually-minded speaker; yet his anger was no justification of that irrepressibility which excited it by doing violence to the fitness of things. Emotional men should remember that there is a time to speak and a time to keep silence even about spiritual joys, and that their "good" may be so unwisely displayed as "to be evil spoken of."

There are two things in connection with the death of Christ which lift His death above the death of every other moral being. One is, His relationship to God; for He was not only man, but He was one with the Father; He was God manifest in the flesh. The other

is, the end for which He died. For He did not die as a martyr merely, or as an example, but He died as a sacrifice for sin. He died for the ungodly. He died in their stead. He died to atone for their sins. If we receive the Scriptures as the word of God, we must receive this as the word of God, for there is nothing taught more clearly in the Scriptures than this. Christ came as the Lamb of God, to take away the sin of the world. He came to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself. God hath made Him who knew no sin to be a sin-bearer and sin-offering for us. As such, His own self did bear our sins in His own body on the tree. He is the propitiation for our sins. Whether we understand the method by which Christ accomplishes this great work or not, we are to rejoice in Him as our sacrifice for sin. Doing this, we shall soon be able, with good old Paul Gerhard, to say of Christ:—

"It is through Him that I have found
My soul's eternal good."

Cant is always contemptible. It was well rebuked by Wesley one day when he was about to dine at a rich man's table, and one of his preachers, who was his fellow guest, exclaimed, "O sir, what a sumptuous dinner! Things are very different to what they were formerly. There is now but little self-denial among the Methodists." Wesley silenced the affectation of his self-righteous brother by pointing to the table and saying, "My brother, there is a fine opportunity for self-denial now!" Whether the cautioning brother partook or not of the rich viands, we are not informed. Most likely he did; for men who cant are usually as deficient in consistency as in sincerity. A conscientious objector to sumptuous food would have said nothing, but would have expressed his conviction by eating only the plainest things on the table.

THE HOUR AND THE HONOR.

Conversing the other day with a very intelligent layman—a successful lawyer who retired some years since from his profession, and has devoted himself to Christian labors in various provinces of usefulness—we called his attention to a peculiar fact, as it seemed to us, in reference to the results following evangelical endeavors. There never was an hour when the pastors of our churches seemed more devoted to the work or more earnest in urging the vital truths of the Gospel. The social religious meetings are generally well attended, and Christian laymen and women are ready to bear their personal testimonies to the grace and power of faith in the Lord Jesus, and to support all judicious efforts to reach the hearts of their fellow-men. Christian associations outside of the church develop other and quite efficient agencies for bearing the Gospel out into the "highways and hedges," to reach classes who do not attend the established religious worship. Scores of evangelists, also, are laboring in all portions of the land, some with no small apparent results; and still as a whole, with all these instrumentalities in active exercise, there does not seem to be, so we urged, such an impression made upon the communities coming under these various ministries as we ought to expect. There is an apparent moral impotency as compared with other days. Evidently the most active and successful evangelist of the hour holds to this opinion, in harmony with a large body of clergymen and laymen who lately united with him in protracted prayers for an endowment of power upon the means of grace and upon the workers in the Lord's service.

But our thoughtful and devoted legal friend, while in hearty sympathy with the select concourse of Christian disciples who lately met to pray for a heavenly baptism, takes a much more encouraging view of the spiritual condition of the period now passing. In his estimation there has never been so glorious an hour as this in the history of the Christian church. He feels unexpressed gratitude to God every day that he is permitted to live at the present time. The opportunities, as are heroic, in his estimation, as in martyr days. He had rather live now on earth, amid its sacrifices, than in heaven. He does not envy an angel in his privileges. He thinks there never was an hour when the church was so profoundly stirred as at present. Especially he looks with great satisfaction upon the consecration of time and money by intelligent and wealthy laymen, and upon the large number of them, with Christian women, who are actively engaged in personal evangelical work. He is struck with the wonderful diversity of Christian agencies. He thinks an epochal hour has struck; that the forces of the evil one are drawn out in battle array all along the line, and that a great struggle has really commenced, the result of which can admit of no doubt. A combined attack, he believes, is made by the opponents of revealed truth, seen and unseen, upon all its important outposts. Against the Bible as inspired, against the church established upon its teachings, against the creeds of aggressive sects, against the modes that seem most successful in awakening conviction

and faith, the fiercest fires are now opened.

On the other hand, he believes the church of God is being wonderfully strengthened for the encounter. Her scholars are inspired to meet the destructive criticism of her foes; by providential leadings a fresh and wonderful zeal is awakened throughout Christendom in the study of the Bible, particularly the Old Testament; unexpected agencies in all quarters of the Master's vineyard, especially among the ignorant and self-abandoned, have been raised up; the great missionary field is beginning to bud and blossom after a long period of patient waiting and sowing; Christian schools are becoming more pervaded with a spirit of missionary zeal and a desire on the part of students to enter some portion of the approaching world's harvest; the secular newspaper gives the widest circulation to the utterances at religious gatherings, as well as to the denunciations of those not in sympathy with them; while the press itself is burdened to throw off the millions of healing leaves that are gathered from the tree of life for the world's redemption.

This is the character of the present hour. It is not the moment of victory. The hour for the shout has not yet come. But that hour will come. The world's history has already been written in prophecy. It is more honorable to have a place, even if a violently contested one, in this hour of conflict, as one of the militant army, than even to join ultimately in the "Alleluia, the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!" over the earth subdued to the kingdom of Christ. The thrill of victory will be all the more entrancing to those who have felt the fierceness of the fight.

These views of one brave Christian warrior are worthy of consideration and are full of inspiration. Perhaps the hour of the sharpest fight has not yet been reached. The faith of some may yet waver, and the premature rejoicing of certain excellent foes of God and the Bible may have an appalling sound. We have but to call for the reserved forces; these are divine. It is not by might nor by power, but by the Spirit of God, after all, that the battle is to be won. Everywhere, all along the lines, the prayer is already beginning to go up for the promised reinforcement from on high. When the heavens fight for us, as in the days of Joshua, the field is won.

FOLLY OF MODERN DIPLOMACY.

The folly of modern diplomacy has never been more emphatically demonstrated than in the late famous and bootless Conference of Berlin in regard to the Eastern question. Europe seems to have made more advance in any other branch of statecraft than in this. But the old machinery that was so busily engaged during the first empire of France, and indeed through the Restoration and the second empire, with all or nearly all the European governments, has become so rusty and inefficient that it is high time to discard it.

New Europe, with its railroads and telegraphs, and free discussion, and large share of constitutional liberty, is hampered by these stiff diplomatic formalities as a giant in the vestments of a dwarf. Diplomacy would seem now-a-days to be rather an instrument of international conflict than of harmony. The very problems that it pretends to solve reappear in forms more complicated than before. The mutual relations of States now have as their bases political and commercial treaties depending largely on the will of the representative bodies of the respective governments, and thus all international questions can be directly met between governments through the channel of ministers plenipotentiary. The relations of sovereigns, however often they may meet at Ischl, Gastein, or Ems, have no longer the bearing nor the import which they once had. Friendly consultations between monarchs may promote harmony, but they do not actually settle or produce results.

Diplomacy at the present period is so vain a matter that a man as great and powerful as Bismarck is not the master of a policy without appeal; and if we study its history for the last twenty years in Europe, it is hard to tell what services it has rendered, or what catastrophes it has prevented. The Congress of Berlin of 1878, and the Conference lately closed in that city, bring out in surprising clearness the uselessness of diplomacy and the futility of its decisions. The results obtained by doing violence to history, to good sense, to national aspirations, to geographical divisions, and strategical requirements, bind no one. The plenipotentiaries rise from their deliberations, leaving on the green table the skillful result of their labors, and retire.

But what do their cogitations and

discussions and conclusions amount to? The Powers find themselves immediately separated by conflicting interests, and are incapable of uniting in drawing the sword to support the judgment of their representatives. Each one of them repudiates its action, while public opinion makes short work of any engagements entered into in virtue of certain subtleties or in violation of good sense. Thus the members of the Conference of Berlin unanimously summoned the Porte to cede Epirus and Thessaly to Greece, and not one of the Powers will to-day consent to sustain this summons by its armies. Such is diplomacy!

France from the beginning never took any hearty part in these assemblies, in which she could expect to do little else than perform the humiliating task of subscribing to the decisions of Bismarck; and many of the most energetic and wisest of her statesmen opposed any co-operation with the Congresses. Now she is certainly not ready to place her vessels under the command of a German admiral, while the Germans, of course, would disdain to receive commands from a French leader; and thus we might one by one review the delicacy of the situation among the Powers and demonstrate the utter impossibility of any harmonious co-operation.

The truth is, that the close of the war without the destruction of Turkey in Europe left no place for any compromise or harmony of action among the Powers. The Congress of Berlin simply adjourned the last act of the drama to a more profitable season for certain parties. Now the Ottoman Empire not being abolished, it is a dream to suppose that these nationalities can live in harmony with one another on the one hand, or can demolish Turkey on the other. Mohammedan fanaticism, in desperate, dying agonies, may still crush its feeble neighbors and vassals, if they are not judiciously supported by the great Powers. But which among them will agree to serve as a mercenary to execute the wild decrees of these diplomatists, and put the hand of Europe on the neck of the Sultan? It is quite easy to talk about a fleet going on a sort of roving and indefinite errand, and countries are not ruled by vessels, and especially such as have no orders to embark and enforce their demands by something more than broadsides fired in their harbors.

In short, it is very clear that the policy of the present moment in regard to these troubled regions is, on the part of diplomats and sovereigns, "How not to do it." The former meet, and dine and wine each other in the intervals of discussion, and seem to part as fast friends; while emperors meet and embrace, and present their suites, and review their troops, and dine and ride together in familiar chat. And when it is all over, and the novice eagerly inquires what passed at the councils, the proper reply would be the famous one of the Spanish diplomat to his queen—"Three hours, madame." A great deal of this maneuvering seems to be little else than a blind, unless it be a blunder. And the only consolation the world can draw from much of it is the stern fact that each blunder seems to be one step towards the close. Next to harmony on the part of the Powers in the final settlement of the question, is just such action as that of the latest Conference; for the long conflict cannot reach its ultimate goal without the severest dying agonies, and the dissolution of the present status will evidently be hastened by the unrest created by vain diplomatic decrees.

Editorial Items.

We have received a copy of a paper read before the Niagara District Conference by Rev. L. D. Watson, D. D., Ph. D., LL. D., entitled "An Examination of Bishop Foster on the Resurrection Body," published in tract form. The title is an expressive and exhaustive interpretation of the lively and vigorous pamphlet to which it gives name. It is a sharp and somewhat personal review of the positions taken by Bishop Foster in his treatise "Beyond the Grave," rather than a positive presentation and defense of the doctrine of the "Creeds of Christendom," that the identical body laid in the grave will be raised at the last day in a glorified form and rehabilitated by the immortal spirit. It is well to see what this keen and somewhat bitter controversy is all about. There is a wonderful amount of heat released in view of the actual point in the controversy. There is no difference between the contending doctors of divinity, holding equal academic honors, for one has an A. M. to balance the Ph. D. of the other, as to the sublime question of a "life beyond;" both believe in the identity of the person in the immortal life; both believe in the solemn truth that the present probationary state determines the happiness or woe of the life to come; both believe in a resurrection of the body and its "rehabilitation" by the immortal soul; both believe this body will be a spiritual one. One believes that the actual material particles which were laid in the grave and may

have been dissipated to the four winds, and even portions of it buried in different places, and parts of it at times imperfect or lacking from birth, will be summoned together and be spiritualized and made immortal; the other holds that a spiritual body conforming to the law of the material body will be bestowed upon the soul, not at all dependent upon the perishable dust which was deposited in the earth. This is all the divergence. The first is the accepted orthodox, traditional faith, which we have received from our catechisms, the extraordinary difficulties of which we have been accustomed to meet by summoning to our aid the creative power of God. The latter is the result of the struggle of the human mind to grasp a subject which is utterly beyond its reach, but which brings it within the possibilities of its conception, and still interprets without violence the revelations of God's Word concerning this great mystery. Dr. Watson finds a strong argument, he thinks, in the body of the Lord Jesus as He came from the tomb, which is the "first fruits" of the resurrection harvest. But Christ's body did not suffer corruption, and the Doctor cannot suppose that that body, with human limitations, and the necessities of nourishment, passed, without change, into the heavens. "In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye," as in the instances of Enoch and Elijah, the change from the corruptible to the incorruptible occurred. Who can conceive what that change is? Such an incorruptible body, from some source, doubtless, every saint will have. But the acceptance of the spiritual materialization theory does not seem to us so serious a variance from the received faith of the Church as the able and honored writer of the tract evidently believes. We have been accustomed to accept the latter, and have criticized our Brother Goodwin's exposition of the former, chiefly on account of his irreverent treatment of the Scriptures and dogmatic tone. These objections we cannot bring against Bishop Foster's book. We see difficulties in fully understanding his theory, and are not prepared to yield the long-accepted sentiment of the Church on this point, but find it very difficult to adjust this old faith with any rational philosophy, or to give, on this point, any very satisfactory reason for the hope that is in us, save that it is founded on a very literal interpretation of very figurative Scriptures. Our ministers will enjoy, however, the reading of the "Examination."

The season at the mountain and seaside is about over. The students of both sexes, who have been doing service as waiters, have returned to their colleges and seminaries. Some have done very well financially, and have not so far broken themselves down by overwork as to be unable to commence the vigorous prosecution of their studies. But others are in a far different condition. Some very sad and harrowing facts have come to our notice. We are very much inclined to believe, especially in the case of young women, that it is both unwise and perilous for them to undertake such service during their summer vacations. They need all these hours for rest and refreshing recreation after the hard study of the winter and spring. Few are aware of the character of this vacation work. It seems a small matter to wait upon tables; but this is only one item, and the lightest of their labors. We know that in popular resorts by the sea these school girls, the present vacation, were kept upon their feet daily from four in the morning until ten o'clock in the evening. We know that they were limited both as to the character and quantity of the food they were permitted to eat, never being allowed to touch that which was prepared for the boarders. They often fairly suffered with hunger amid the abundance around them. They were forced to sleep in close and uncomfortable attics in order to give up all the decent rooms to the boarders. Such was the severity of the exactions in one house that hearty, stout, Swedish girls, who had been familiar with housework, were broken down by it, while one delicate child, at least, fell a victim to the excessive strain upon body and nerves. We hope parents and educators will look into this matter. There are reasons why we cannot speak as freely as we desire to on this point. We are confident that much more is lost than gained by these summer campaigns on the part of students both morally and physically. Service in a private family, the care of little children, work on a farm—any such form of labor as this—may be safely resorted to; but the servant's work at summer resorts is not the desirable discipline for a young student.

The burial of the great marine artist and architect, Donald McKay, last week, awakened many pleasant as well as pensive meditations. He died at his late residence, Hamilton, Mass., aged 70 years. Our second station in the New England Conference was at Newburyport, and Mr. McKay and his family were connected with the church at the time. He had just reached the high reputation as a rare and very successful designer and builder of beautiful and fleet ships which carried him, before we left Newburyport, to Boston. This was a great loss to the town and to the church. His first wife, like the present estimable widow who survives him, was a lovely woman, with charming social qualities and an exemplary Christian life. Her mother—the mother also of Rev. W. H. Boole, of the New York East Conference—was a saint on earth, making her home a Bethel and a paradise. Her father was a class-leader. The whole family were drawn away by the fortunes of the son-in-law; the Booles ultimately reaching New York, where they were well known and appreciated in their churches. Mr. McKay, from his yard in East Boston, sent out a succession of the finest and fleetest ships that ever

sailed from our harbor, and won an enviable reputation. We saw the launching of the memorable "Great Republic," and prepared an illustrated article upon the builder and his ships for the *National Repository*, then under the editorship of Dr. A. Stevens. When fortune smiled on Mr. McKay, he distributed his money freely whenever a providential call suggested that it would do good. He became much interested in the college at Middletown, and was a generous supporter of church charities. His pleasant home at East Boston always gave a cheerful welcome to the pastors he had known. He bore heroically the misfortunes which the war and other causes brought upon him. We read with heartfelt gratitude that in his last sickness he enjoyed a blessed renewal of the divine favor and a happy anticipation of the joy of the life to come.

Rev. Stephen D. Peet, of Clinton, Wisconsin, edits, and Jameson & Morse, of Chicago, publish, the *Oriental and Biblical Journal*. It has reached its third number. It is intended to be an elaborate rather than a popular periodical, and has already given several very valuable and scholarly papers. In the present number Rev. O. D. Miller has a paper discussing the language of early Babylonia, whether Accadian or Sumirian. Rev. W. S. Hawkes gives a chapter of notes upon the "Confusion of Tongues in the Light of Modern Learning." Prof. John Avery upon "The Influence of the Aborigine Tribes upon the Aryan Speech of India;" M. C. Read upon "Genesis and Abiogenesis;" W. W. Taylor, upon "The Discoveries at Nineveh;" Rev. O. D. Miller upon "The Eden of Genesis." The editorial articles upon Buddhism and Christianity, etc., and archaeological and ethnological miscellany, and notices of current literature are extended and valuable. The periodical will be appreciated by Biblical scholars.

The *International Review* for October has a very inviting list of papers. It opens with an appreciative critique of the French dramatist, Emile Augier, by J. Brander Matthews. Dr. George E. Ellis has an able paper upon "John Cotton in Church and State." Mrs. M. LeB. Goddard tells again, in an impressive and pathetic manner, the sad story of the "Poncas;" Carroll D. Wright, than whom no one is better prepared to speak sensibly on the subject, has a paper upon "The Census; its Methods and Aims;" Gamaliel Bradford, who is also an authority on the topic, gives "A Bird's Eye View of our Railroad System;" Cuthbert Mills has a sensible paper upon the "Philosophy of the Presidential Election;" A. Talandier gives a good article upon the "Political Situation in France;" Charles E. Fitch has a warmly eulogistic sketch of Jas. A. Garfield; Julius H. Ward gives an interesting account of the "Concord School of Philosophy." The closing chapter is a review of current literature. The editors give their readers this month a particularly fresh and attractive number.

Dr. Buckley solemnly affirms that he will not promise not to have blunders occur in his great official sheet. He may well stand on that platform. With the utmost care, where the proof passes even under the eye of the writer of it, the most ridiculous errors will sometimes occur. In a considerable part of the last issue we are made to a "quarter of a century" for a quarter of a millennium—which, as any one can see, is a noticeable difference.

Quite an amusing error crept into the short note of Dr. W. R. Goodwin, a week or two since. The printers followed the easiest reading of the manuscript, although the sense of the sentence ought to have interpreted the word. He is made to say, "It was a rare trial to sit in committee meetings with such men as Judson, Cummings, Terry," etc., which was, to say the least, rather ungracious on the part of our vigorous Western doctor. What he did write, although he made a for an error, was, "It was a rare treat," which certainly is a very different colored horse. So we treat all round—to a correction.

The Unitarian body, by voluntary representatives, has been holding a convention, as it has done already for two successive years, in Saratoga Springs. The body has no ecclesiastical organization. Its churches are all intensely independent; and it has few common denominational interests. This regular annual gathering, however, is giving it more of an organized form, is occasioning the dropping out of active fellowship of the purely radical wing of the nominal church, and the drawing closer together, and defining somewhat by a common consent the outlines of acceptance, if not of belief, of a common expression of Christian faith. This year much emphasis is given to church extension, the aid especially of home missions (one in India and one in Austria), and of educational institutions. A considerable sum of money was raised for these purposes during the meeting. The convention occupied the commodious Methodist church in Saratoga, as it has in former years. There has been a large attendance upon its sessions.

Last week witnessed the repetition of a scene with which the community has become somewhat familiar by its often occurrence—the arrest, after a long concealment, and the commitment to jail, of a man who has heretofore filled a high social position, has a loving and cultivated family to be rendered broken-hearted, and has caused, by his fraudulent course, an untold amount of anxiety and suffering in the community, as well as a serious shock to the confidence of the business world. Mr. Silas M. Waite, the dishonest president of the

Brattleborough bank (Vt.), was arrested in St. Louis, and returned to his Vermont home and placed in jail to await his trial, last week. We can readily believe, what is told by the reporter, that his short interview with his family, on his way to prison, was very affecting. The way of the transgressor is hard. When will this divine lesson be learned? Man may be, as our "liberal" brethren teach us, a noble being in his possibilities, but without the constant divine aid, he is "weaker than a bruised reed."

Possibly, but it is hardly probable, the singularly persistent search for the lost men and memorials of the "Franklin Arctic Exploring Expedition" will now end. Lieut. Frederick Schwatka, of the United States Army, who conducted an expedition that spent eleven months in a sledge journey over the route of Sir John Franklin and his crew, has returned. He learned everything that could be told of the fate of the unfortunate men. He followed their course until their deaths, obtained all the remaining relics, and learned of the destruction of the valuable documents which have been chiefly the later object of search. These were destroyed in the box which contained them by the Esquimaux. Still the mystery of the frozen pole is not yet solved, and may will risk their lives to discover it.

One of our most interesting and appealing fields of labor is among the colored people in Kansas who have been driven by oppressive burdens from their Southern homes to this fertile Western State. They are poor enough now, but in a few years will be in a self-supporting condition. Two thousand dollars missionary money has been appropriated to this work the present year, but this goes only a little way to meet the existing and pressing demands for aid. Rev. William O. Lynch has this work in charge by appointment, and is the presiding elder of the district covering this field. Any donation sent to him at Topeka, Kansas, will be carefully devoted to the support of preachers and the aid of struggling churches. Rev. John D. Knox, well known to many of our readers, a banker of the same place, is treasurer of a society which has been formed to aid Brother Lynch in his interesting mission. Donations can also be sent to him.

George Munro presents to his patrons his fine, cheap American reprints of the *Contemporary* and *Fortnightly Review* and the *Nineteenth Century*, for the current month, 20 cents each. The *Contemporary* is philosophical and literary, with papers considering the questions of the hour, like the future of Canada, the Afghan war, the impending crisis in Turkey. The *Fortnightly* is perhaps a little lighter, with short articles, as the "Ways of Orthodox Cities," "Administration of Justice in Maine," "California," "A Visible Church," "Narrative of the Fall of the Bastille," etc. The *Nineteenth Century* follows much the line of the *Contemporary*, as a competitor to which it was established. It opens with "Ireland," has another installment of "Dusk on Fiction, Fair and Foul," considering in this paper Byron; the "Thoroughbred Horse;" "A Colorado Sketch;" the "Egyptian Liquidation;" the "Burdell Bill," etc. American readers have these valuable reprints for a small part of the price paid by English subscribers for original issues.

We are indebted to Prof. Edwin T. Nelson of Ohio Wesleyan University for a copy of the Alumni Record of that institution, made up to the present year. It gives the present address, if living, with official stations, of 809 gentlemen and 411 lady graduates. Like the same work prepared with wonderful perseverance and painstaking for the Wesleyan University at Middletown, the manual is invaluable, not merely to graduates, but to all who have occasion to look up the address or services of former members of the institution. We congratulate our Ohio brethren upon this most serviceable and well-performed work.

The Associated Charities, one of the most admirable of municipal arrangements to meet wisely the serious question of pauperism and the relief of temporary want and suffering, have issued, through the press of A. Williams & Co., a "Directory of the Charitable and Beneficent Organizations of Boston." They accompany this valuable manual with an epitome of the laws relating to the poor, and with sanitary hints and suggestions to voluntary and official visitors. It is invaluable to all interested in aiding the destitute and in breaking up chronic and indolent pauperism.

An interesting general convention of the various Presbyterian families of Europe and this country is now holding a council in Philadelphia. It has no ecclesiastical authority, but is a voluntary delegated assembly for the consideration of subjects of common religious and denominational interest, such as is anticipated in our Ecumenical Council in London. Noted names of able papers reputation are present, and able papers are presented and read, followed by discussions. Our reporter who attends the sessions will give us the spirit of this interesting and important Christian gathering.

The *North American Review* for October opens with a sharp criticism of the "Political Policy of the Democratic Party," by Emory A. Storrs. Thomas A. Edison declares and describes the success of the "Electric Light." The second part of the description of the "Ruins of Central America" (illustrated) is given. Dr. Leonard Bacon, considers the Sabbath as a day of rest, adapted to religious worship, but only to be defended and preserved as a day of rest by the State, and not as a day of religious devotion. Judge D. Thaw

The Family.

ON THE HILL.

BY TWO BROTHERS.

[The burial-ground of my native village was in a quiet and secluded nook, somewhat removed from the public way. It was on a hill,

— "A gentle hill,
Green, and of mild declivity,

which on one side terminated abruptly in a steep pit, beyond which a brook went hurrying along its bed of gravel. Skirting the edge of this descent, which formed one boundary of the burial-yard, were some fine beech and maple trees, intermingled with fir and pine, against the dark of which the marbles could be seen distinctly. This was a place of frequent resort in the summer afternoons of our leisure, with myself and a beloved brother, who shares with me the composition of these rhymes. — ARTHUR J. LOCKHART.]

PART I.

THE HUMAN.

I came to the hill at morning,
Ere the sun was in the sky;
The light wind kissed me on the cheek,
As it went flitting by;
The grass was emerald 'neath my feet,
The east was a ruddy flame,
And the brown hawk fled, like a phantom
fleet,
Across my path, as I came.

I stood on the hill at morning—
I stood and looked below;
I saw the silver-winding stream
Along the valley flow;
I saw the village windows fire
With flames of the rising sun,
Through a golden future coming nigher,
And a glorious life begun.

So upon the hill at morning
I watched the dawning gleam,
And listened to the singing birds,
And the murmur of the stream;
The sapphire sky smiled overhead,
The very grasses looked gay;
And who would dream of sorrow and shade
At the very dawn of day?

Alas! for the heart grows bitter
When it finds its dreams are vain,
When its prophetic visions are shown to be
But fruits of an idle brain;
Alas! when the light shall fade away,
And the cherished hope shall die,
When the gold of the cloud has changed to gray
In the overhanging sky!

I came to the hill at morning,
When the yellow leaves were there;
The frosts had dyed the beechen shade,
And the maples rustled bare;
Old hopes were parted then and gone,
As the last year's faded flowers;
And the colors I at that thought put on
Were as autumn's sober bowers.

But upon the hill at morning
I thought, in manner of men,
"The sun shone brightly yesterday,
And the sun will shine again;
The vanished gleam shall break ere long
From the gates of the misty past;
And the phantoms sweet of fancy and song
Will be with me at the last."

I stood on the hill at evening,
When the breath of heaven was keen;
The moon hung in the hollow sky,
And not a cloud was seen;
And the snow lay ghostly on the fir,
Which, as winds of night would blow,
Nodded their dark tops to the stars,
And the dead that lay below.

But the dreams had flown forever—
The dreams that were once my own;
My heart was disenchanted then,
And the real lived alone;
The future looked not as it did
In the light of the morning flame,
For a path before my feet was spread
To work, and not to fame.

The olden garden round me,
With its dim, familiar look;
It comes like the wind that rustles through
The alders by the brook;
And the moon shines on the white hillside,
And the spring morns break the same,
But they see no more the boy in his pride,
In the light of the morning flame.

PART II.

THE DIVINE.

I stood on the hill at evening,
When the day was nearly done,
And the glowing shades were falling
On the track of the sunken sun;
'Twas the old familiar churchyard,
With its dark pines towering high,
With its shady nook, and pleasant brook
That below ran murmuring by.

From the heaven's hidden glory
Had dropped spring's rarest green,
And the velvet turf beneath me
Seemed bathed in mystic sheen;
The marble shaft and stone uprose,
Deep-cloaked in woe,
Of dead-march sung, and sad hearts wrung,
For the dead that slept below.

And I thought of one then lying
Where never a mourner's tread
Could come, nor wild rose blossom
Above the sleeper's head;
Where the marching winds in chorus
Waived dirge for a mother's joy;
And the even woe and requiem gave
For her ill-fated boy.

But his sleep in the heart of ocean
Is sweet—and all is well!
Though no funeral train attended,
Nor tears at his burial fell,
God brooded o'er his dying,
And made him a royal tomb,
Where the chanting stars in golden bars
Rang anthems through the gloom.

Alas! for the spring-time's power
O'er withered leaves and fern,
While no sweet spring recalls
An unreturning year!
Alas! that Love should labor,
And Nature strive in vain
To re-illumine with its radiant bloom
Our winter of dead again.

Upon the hill at evening
I saw a sovereign died,
And clouds of fiery crimson
Hung round his western sky;
The couch of the dying monarch
Was spread with cloth of gold;
And a fire-pierced shroud of glorious cloud
Across his broad disc rolled.

Then I dreamed that the passing spirit
As bright a setting knew,
While along Death's darkening pathway
With chainless wing it flew;
That a cloud of God-like glory
Trilled o'er its perilous way,
While the seraphim and the cherubim
Were guides to a sunless day.

Then my weary heart grew lighter,
And I said, "These forms shall rise,
As the new-born sun upbursts
From the east of the new day."

Above the orient skies;
When the wintry storms are over,
Shall the vernal zephyrs blow,
And the life-tree bloom, and joy find room,
In that land to which they go.

I stood on the hill at evening,
My heart too sad for tears,
As I mused o'er the grave of my early,
My lightly-laden years;
And so wan and bare was my present,
In the gray and sober light,
That life no more looked as before,
Magnificently bright.

"O days, that have departed,
Since we went hand in hand
Along these shady footpaths,
A happy youthful band!
These vanished—Oh! where are they?
Speak, ye eternal years!
Answer, thou deep, where brave hearts
sleep!
Answer!—I call in tears.

"But well He doeth all things;
Amen, so let it be!"
Then through my soul came pealing
A Sabbath harmony;
I gazed far down the future,
Through the region of hope and faith,
Till I saw the morn when, by God upborne,
I should break the bands of death.

The baleful star, Ambition,
Shot downward into gloom;
And I saw the glare of a furnace
From many a laureled tomb;
And the final flame reached the bird of Fame,
As he soared above his pyre;
And the glory of earth and its boasted worth
Passed away amidst the fire!

Then amid the graves low kneeling,
I breathed a prayer to heaven
That the deathless love of Jesus
Might to my soul be given;
That the Morning Star eternal
Might forevermore be mine;
Till my yearning strife drew immortal life
From the fount of bliss divine.

TWO BEAUTIFUL LIVES.

BY JEANNIE E. ORDWAY.

It is always pleasant to contemplate a good life, and especially when that life extends through a long term of years. It has been our happiness to feel the influence of two such lives—one, that of Mrs. Mary Graham, who has recently passed away, the other that of Mrs. Fletcher, who yet survives to bless and cheer with her beneficent presence.

It seems as if there never was just such an old lady as Mrs. Graham, so pleasant, and always so happy to entertain us with a fund of stories at her command. She retained only the sunshine of life. To see her sitting with her children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren about her, smiling and telling stories, keeping us attentively listening, it seemed impossible that she was an old lady of ninety-three years. When she was not at work, she would read until the light of day glimmered and faded into twilight. She sat in the rocking chair reading her Bible, and while she read a chapter each day, she found some text for her children to apply to themselves.

She discussed the news of the day with quite as much piquancy and more real common-sense than most people. We all, from the eldest to the youngest, went to her with our affairs, relying upon her judgment. Her faculties were not impaired in the least, save a slight difficulty in hearing. This she considered a blessing rather than an infirmity, for she said that she cared not to hear all that was said, and God had not denied her the gift of sight. She could still enjoy nature and all beautiful things, and behold the forms of those she loved; and so kindly had the Lord dealt with her, that she retained her strength and was able to walk around. Thus she recounted the blessings that she possessed.

It enabled us to look with a deeper insight into God's providences. The influence of her example shed a lustre upon her children, causing them to see beauties in life, which, without the help of her enlightened understanding, they would pass by as unworthy of notice. Few women have carried so many frosty winters with so much dignity of character and with so much enjoyment of the beauties of life. It was the light of the soul which illumined her being with glowing tints of beauty, bestowing upon all that were brought into her atmosphere the radiance of the divine light of love and peace.

"A near fourscore and fourteen years
Were drawing to a close. Her work was done.
The very house missed her familiar step;
The antique clock, companion of her life,
Ticked slowly in its long-accustomed place;
Her saintly face was turned to greet the first
Pale beams of dawning day; she gently
raised
Her head, and, resting it upon her hand,
The rosy lips of morn kissed lightly, then
Her aged brow and silver hair. 'The morn
Is beautiful,' she said, then closed her eyes
And sank to rest. Grandmother dear was
dead!

And yet the clock ticked on, the sun still
shone,
Of Mrs. Fletcher, the widow of
Rev. Daniel L. Fletcher, a Methodist
clergyman, a correspondent of the
Cleveland Leader writes the following:
—

"Of all the bright, brilliant, wonderful people I have met in Cleveland, there is not one so great, so beautiful, so interesting as Mrs. Fletcher, a lady of seventy-nine, who is not old. To-day she reads, studies, paints, communes with nature, and

lives with the world as much as she did when fifty; aye, more, for she says: 'We only begin to live at fifty; not until we reach that age is the judgment matured, nor are we able to understand life as it is.' Her Greek and Latin studies are kept up; her theology is daily broadening out and becoming more loving and religious; her life more exquisitely rounded and complete. To listen to her elegant English, absolutely without blemish, her fine rhetoric, her poetic language, and her sound true sense, is a treat not often given us. She has been engaged—never busily at any one thing, but always at something—since the spring in painting on china, completing a set a few days ago of one hundred and twenty-six pieces, and each piece is a work of art, a study. I am no critic when colors in oil or water are in question, but I know when the violets bloom on a teacup, the sweet-briars look the perfume of the rose, the shells and grasses sing a mute song of the cool waves. I know when beauty is nature. How lovely has been her life! Many years of it were passed in guiding and instructing children, and now in the twilight of time for most humanity she seems but in the afternoon glow of a brilliant sun."

MRS. SAYRES' LESSONS.

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

By skillful management and the most rigid economy, Mrs. Sayres had kept soul and body together, and her poverty-stricken condition a profound secret. There was honest pride in the lady's constant and heroic endeavor to show a good face to the world, but there was something else, also, which was not so praiseworthy, though of this she was entirely ignorant.

Mrs. Sayres was an honest, God-serving woman of scanty profession and liberal performances. Up to the death of her husband she had lived a life of peace and plenty. Then everything changed, and the widow found herself with an allowance which was barely sufficient for the comforts of life for herself and invalid daughter, a young lady of seventeen. For years Fanny Sayres had been helplessly, and almost hopelessly, ill.

Irrespective of the mother's inability to provide for her child as her delicate condition required, there was nothing to be asked for. Her confinement, suffering, and solitude had taught her many things that healthy people seldom find out, and in such ways was she the greatest possible help and inspiration. It is true the invalid could not live without physical comforts, but she could die if those were denied her with the most perfect faith and serenity. For some months Mrs. Sayres had kept up the old luxurious régime by the sacrifice of this and that relic of former grandeur. At last the relics were all disposed of, and for some incomprehensible reason, the small and insufficient income which had heretofore been promptly paid her, began to be delayed, and then the widow's cup of misery was filled to overflowing.

A piece of toast and a cup of warmed-over tea was all Mrs. Sayres could take her daughter for breakfast one morning when things had come to this unfortunate crisis; and even this frugal repast was delayed by a fit of weeping which the lady fell into, the traces of which must be concealed from her daughter. There was no concealment, however, in the case, for the girl's naturally keen intuition had been sharpened by long illness, and she understood what was going on in the kitchen quite as well as if she had been there with her mother. She deemed it wise not to talk the matter over when the lady entered with the tray, or appear to be conscious of the red eyes and pained face.

"The toast is very nice, mamma," she remarked, as Mrs. Sayres busied herself in another part of the room. "There is not much butter on it," the lady replied, doing her best to appear as usual. "You ought to have a piece of steak, Fanny," she continued, "and I am going out by and by."

She didn't say that she should buy the steak when she went out, for this was dubious, but Mrs. Sayres had almost decided to confide her condition to some friend who could lend her a temporary assistance. To a nature like hers such an admission would be little short of torture, but if worst came to worst, she told herself it would have to be gone through with.

"There is quite butter enough," the invalid replied; "and there is everything enough, and good enough," she went on. "Why should we expect so much, dear, when so many of God's creatures quite as worthy as ourselves have so little?"

"That is all very well, Fanny," said Mrs. Sayres, evidently glad to be able to speak in this calm way of her troubles, "but we should have

what belongs to us. Our income is small enough, in all conscience, and it is outrageous that we do not receive it regularly."

"But, mamma," Fanny replied, "if God isn't the judge of what belongs to us, and when we shall receive it, who is?"

"Well, yes, in the large, Fanny," Mrs. Sayres began, and then stopped short.

Her daughter smiled and said thoughtfully, "The large? Show me a large, mamma, that isn't made up of smalls, if you can. That is a very common and a very illogical argument, dear, and I don't wonder you halted."

Mrs. Sayres had been up ever since daylight planning and thinking. She, too, had eaten a piece of dry toast, and drank a cup of warm water which she called tea, and it was no wonder she was not in a mood for philosophical argument.

"Sometimes I think, Fanny, we are being robbed," the lady replied, with a new rasp in her voice.

"And if so," her companion replied, "we are not responsible."

"But certainly that is not God's intention," Mrs. Sayres answered. The invalid sighed and turned her face to the window.

"I know I always hurt your feelings, Fanny, when I talk in this way," the lady continued, "but I suppose everything is all right, and our only business in the matter is to be resigned whatever may come."

"Our business, mamma," the young lady answered, "is to make the most of all our experiences, and the less we speculate or perplex ourselves about God's intentions, the better it will be."

Mrs. Sayres thought of her sick daughter's miserable breakfast, and the faintness of her own stomach, and wondered if it was in nature to be resigned. There was another obnoxious duty staring her in the face, and for a moment she tried to imagine how Fanny would feel if it devolved on her to perform it. This was to tell the milkman that she couldn't pay his bill. For herself she would have gone without milk to the day of her death, in preference to running up a bill that she was unable to meet; but this sacrifice, like many others, was made solely for her daughter's comfort. Why was she given honesty and delicacy, she asked herself, if this was the way such qualities were destined to be treated? To die and get through with it all would be a good deal easier and more to her mind than life under such humiliating conditions.

"I am very sorry," the lady began, with scarlet cheeks, as she opened the door to the milkman's summons, "that I am unable to pay your bill to-day." Mrs. Sayres felt like a thief when she presented her pitcher for more milk.

"All right!" said the man heartily; "it's a pity if a fellow couldn't wait a little while for you when you've always been so prompt. Better times a coming, ma'm!" and the kind-hearted vendor jumped into his cart with a wave of the hand which made a very exhilarating ending to an unexpectedly pleasant interview.

When Mrs. Sayres related this incident to her daughter, the young lady said, with her placid smile, "Which was that, mamma dear, of the large, or one of the small, things?"

"It was large to me," her mother answered.

"Just so," Fanny replied, "and yet how infinitesimally small when compared with other things."

"True," Mrs. Sayres replied, but she was already thinking of something else. One disagreeable duty off her mind was only to make room for another, and just now she was unable to spend much thought in the contemplation of the large or the small. If she could not collect the money honestly due her from the estate, something else must be done—and at once, for there was no time to lose. Mrs. Sayres had many friends who would, doubtless, not only be willing, but glad, to help her out of her difficulty, but how could she borrow money when she saw no way to pay it, and how could she let another into the secret of her poverty? Mrs. Sayres prayed for help, but it seemed as if there was no answer, and as she opened the door in obedience to another summons, she felt as if even God had deserted her. This time it was the letter-carrier. As he handed her a circular, he said, with a smile, "Try to do better for you next time;" and then, "How is your daughter, Mrs. Sayres?"

"About as usual," the lady replied. "Pretty hard," said the carrier sympathetically, "but there are worse things than that, even. I was thinking this morning as I traveled round, it wasn't the folks that were fighting sickness, nor the folks that were fighting poverty, but the folks

that were letting false pride get the best of 'em, that were having the toughest time in this world. When I had to give up whipped," the man went on, "and take a position that wasn't what I called good enough for me, and had to ask for help in the bargain, I felt sort of degraded, and as if I couldn't hold my head up among decent folks; but I had to buckle to it, ma'm, and I know now that the Lord understood exactly how to fit my case. I hope," turning to go, "that you'll excuse my making so free, but it was out before I thought."

"I thank you heartily," Mrs. Sayres replied with a brighter face; and, as she closed the door, "Two lessons to-day! One from the milkman, and the other from a letter-carrier. I wonder if they were entrusted with the answer to my prayers! False pride! It is false pride to be so sensitive about making my troubles known, and why have I been so blind?"

"What is it, mamma?" Fanny inquired, as Mrs. Sayres entered her room.

"I have had another lesson, Fanny," the lady replied, "this time from the postman, and he has shown me that my stumbling-block is false pride. I wonder you have never told me."

"I was not entrusted with that message," the invalid replied. "The letter-carrier was, and that makes the difference."

It did not take but a few moments for Mrs. Sayres to convince the persons who had charge of her little income, that it was impossible for her to do without it any longer, and when she reached home she found that she had not only conquered circumstances, but had won a victory over herself.

The Little Folks.

WHAT MARY GAVE.

When the collection is taken up in church, boys and girls put in money which their parents have given them for that purpose. The money is not their gift, but that of their father and mother. They have just as much to spend for their pleasure as they had before. And so I once heard a kind-hearted girl complain that she had nothing of her own that she could give. I will tell you what she gave in one day, and you will see that she was mistaken.

She gave an hour of patient care to her little baby sister who was cutting teeth. She gave a string and a crooked pin and a great deal of advice to the little three-year-old brother who wanted to play at fishing. She gave Ellen, the maid, the precious hour to go and visit her sick baby at home; for Ellen was a widow, and left her child with its grandmother, while she worked to get bread for both. She could not have seen her mother, and she could not have had her mother's love. I wonder if she had not offered to attend the door and look after the kitchen fire while she was away.

But this was not all that Mary gave. She dressed herself neatly and looked so bright and kind and obliging that she gave her mother a thrill of pleasure whenever she caught sight of the young pleasant face. She wrote a letter to her father who was absent on business, in which she gave him all the news he wanted, in such a frank, artless way, that he thanked his daughter in his heart. She gave patient attention to her grandmother, whose house consisted of only two rooms. In the morning a young member of the family, in response to an appeal for a wash-bowl, brought him an old tin pan, and after the face toilet was completed, turned up about seven teeth of an old lady on her bonnet. "What is the matter?" she exclaimed. "Oh, the train's broke in two," replied a gentleman who sat in the next seat. "Shouldn't you say so," the old lady said, looking at the broken bell-cord. "Did they splice a trifling little string like that would hold the train together?"

A popular Mason minister recently spent the night thirty miles below America with a backwoodsman, whose house consisted of only two rooms. In the morning a young member of the family, in response to an appeal for a wash-bowl, brought him an old tin pan, and after the face toilet was completed, turned up about seven teeth of an old lady on her bonnet. "What is the matter?" she exclaimed. "Oh, the train's broke in two," replied a gentleman who sat in the next seat. "Shouldn't you say so," the old lady said, looking at the broken bell-cord. "Did they splice a trifling little string like that would hold the train together?"

The following letter was received by an undertaker recently from an afflicted widow: "Sur—my wife is dead and wants to be buried to-morrow at Waverley. I want you to dig the hole—by the side of my two other wives—let it be deep."

As a train was approaching Cleveland, it parted in the middle, and the bell-cord snapped off and the end of it striking an old lady on her bonnet. "What is the matter?" she exclaimed. "Oh, the train's broke in two," replied a gentleman who sat in the next seat. "Shouldn't you say so," the old lady said, looking at the broken bell-cord. "Did they splice a trifling little string like that would hold the train together?"

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Self-love is pain; the only rest
Is labor for a worthy end,
A toil that gains with what it yields,
And satters to its own increase.
And hears, while sowing outward fields,
The harvest-song of inward peace.

Quarrel not rashly with adversity
Not yet understood, and overlook not the mercies
Shen bound up in them; for we consider not
Sufficiently the good of evils, nor fairly com-
pute the mercies of Providence in things afflic-
tive at first hand. — Sir Thomas Browne.

As the eye which has gazed at the sun,
Can not immediately discern any other object,
as the man who has been accustomed to the
hold the ocean turns with contempt from a
stagnant pool, so the mind which has con-
templated eternity, overlooks the things of
this time. — Edward Payson.

Come, Self-Devotion, high and pure,
Thoughts that in thankfulness endure,
Though dearest hopes are faithless found,
And truth in a dungeon is truth still; and
Come, Resignation, spirit meek,
And let me kiss thy placid cheek,
And read in thy pale eye serene
Their hearts from sense, and learn to love
God only, and the joys above. — Koble.

The truth cannot be burned, beheaded,
or crucified. A lie on the throne is a lie still,
and truth in a dungeon is truth still; and
lie on the throne is on the way to defeat, and
the truth in the dungeon is on the way to
victory. No accidents of position can change
the essential nature of things, or the eternal
laws which determine their destiny. — Wm.
McKinley.

The following beautiful petition was
found among the papers of the Duchess of
Gordon after her death: "O Lord, give me
grace to feel my need of Thy grace; give me

learn to speak out, to speak of the things that men speak of, and to care for the things for which nations care. He is not only justified in sometimes speaking to them on matters political and social, but he is bound to do so—bound to urge on Christian men to make religion prominent in every word they speak, in every act they do, in every pleasure they enjoy, in every vote they give."

After vacation—what? Multitudes of the clergy and laity have been recreating in various places from the seaboard to the mountains for several weeks, and have now returned to their homes, it is hoped, greatly benefited and improved in body and mind. What now? Should not greater things than ever be expected of the pastors? Should they not enter upon their work with renewed consecration, and a more earnest purpose to do greater things for the Master? They should preach better sermons—sermons that are new, fresh, appropriate, direct, earnest. Get out of the old "rut," strike into new channels of thought, inquire what the people need, and give them sermons that will meet their present necessities—that will inspire them to holy living and earnest Christian work. Let the laymen rally to their work, sustain their pastors, and be ready and willing to sustain all the institutions of the church. Expect great and glorious things this fall and winter.

R. W. A.

For Young and Old.
Only Fun.
Fences do not walk, but some have a swinging gate.
A chap being asked to explain the paradox of how it was possible for a lazy man to attain so much education, answered, "I didn't attain it; I—just learned it—here—and—there, and was too lazy to forget."

Miss Murnford has an elderly admirer, who the other day presented her with a handsome lace collar. "Now, do not," he said, "with a sort of eloquent earnestness, 'do not let any one else rumple it.' " "No, dear," answered Lavinia. "I will be careful to take it off."

An irrepressible boy of five years, who was always compelled to keep very quiet on Sunday, having grown increasingly impatient towards the close of a Sabbath day, frankly and honestly approached his excellent but somewhat over-gravely said: "Pa, let's have a little spiritual fun."

At a meeting of clergymen by the name of Loss, of dimensions somewhat extended, laterally and altitudinally, presented himself. Says one of the brethren to the speaker: "You left your people, you were a great Loss." "Yes," said another, "when he died he will be no Loss." "Nay," said a third, "he will be a great Gain."

"No, William," she mournfully uttered, still allowing him to retain her hand; "No, William, I can't marry you. I don't believe you can provide a wife with butter upon your present salary, and I can't eat oleomargarine."

The following letter was received by an undertaker recently from an afflicted widow: "Sur—my wife is dead and wants to be buried to-morrow at Waverley. I want you to dig the hole—by the side of my two other wives—let it be deep."

As a train was approaching Cleveland, it parted in the middle, and the bell-cord snapped off and the end of it striking an old lady on her bonnet. "What is the matter?" she exclaimed. "Oh, the train's broke in two," replied a gentleman who sat in the next seat. "Shouldn't you say so," the old lady said, looking at the broken bell-cord. "Did they splice a trifling little string like that would hold the train together?"

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THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.
BY REV. S. M. DEALE.

The present status of the temperance question suggests a few practical thoughts. The differences of opinion in almost every branch of the work are apparent. Personal independence of thought and action is a very prominent characteristic of temperance men, and lack of unity is the reason of the failure of many temperance measures. Enforced unity is impossible. A recognized standard and general co-operation in plans is essential to success. The Bible is ultimate authority in Christendom on all moral questions, and must be on this. As understood by most Christians, the Bible is a contradiction on the liquor question. Total abstinence quote St. Paul, and moderate drinkers quote Christ and organize St. Botolph clubs. Evidently the work of temperance reformers must be largely upon the exegetical study of the Bible, and its complete rescue from the support it is now forced to give to moderate drinking. Once that is well done, the whole moral influence of the church would be on the side of total abstinence and prohibition. Until it is done, we are a house divided against itself. Once accomplished, the Bible as divine authority would be the accepted standard, and the excess of personality be held in check. With the great mass of Christians assured that the Bible everywhere condemns alcoholic liquors, and only approves the unfermented fruit of the vine, we would have a moral sentiment on this question as strong and abiding as the moral influence of Christendom on any other moral question. To your Bibles, O temperance men and women!

Another line of thought is suggested by the oft-repeated remark, "Vote as you pray." No one can object to the principle involved in the exhortation; and yet the Prohibitory party is most insignificant in numbers, the Republican party is controlled by moderate-drinking principles, and the Democratic party is for rum. Why do Christian men continue to believe in prohibition and continue to vote for the Republican ticket?

We think one reason is the narrowness of the application of the principle. "Vote as you pray." If the principle applies to the liquor question, it does not apply to the enforcement of Sunday laws, marriage and divorce laws, and public morals generally. And why should not Christians form a third party, or why should not the Prohibitory party take broader name and supply a felt want, in a large class of Christian voters, and be called The "Christian Citizen party," or the party of "Evangelicals?" The Methodists of Ohio have given notice that they intend to form such a party after 1880. Our question is, why not now? If Christians mean to vote as they pray, why not call a convention of both parties have made their nominations, and review the tickets? There the right men have been put forward to endorse them. Where men of sound principles on any moral or religious question are nominated substitute the right men, and in that way furnish a clean ticket for Christian power. We hold the balance of power. Are we not responsible to God for the use, or neglect of using it?

CHRISTIAN HALL.
The members of the Vermont Conference, at their last session, voted to raise \$100 towards the payment of the following pledge of the late Bishop of the Clark University, Atlanta, Ga., being the amount of \$100, as far as the contractor shall be able to raise. GILBERT HAYES, Secy. of the Vermont Conference.

Nobleboro' (Me.) Camp-Meeting.
The camp-meeting at Nobleboro' opened Monday evening, Aug. 30, by a social service at the stand conducted by the presiding elder, Rev. J. W. Day. Fifteen ministers were present, and about three hundred people. Tuesday forenoon Bro. D. H. Hayes preached from Matt. 11: 28-30. At 2 p. m. Bro. F. D. Handy preached a searching sermon from Rev. 19: 12. At 7 p. m. Rev. S. S. Cummings, of the "Home for Little Wanderers," Boston, discoursed feelingly and effectively from Acts. 9: 6. A collection of \$24 was taken to assist him in his work.

Wednesday, a large crowd was in attendance. At 10 a. m. Rev. L. B. Bates, of East Boston, delivered a stirring sermon from 1 Tim. 1: 15. At the close about twenty came to the altar for prayers. At 2 p. m. Dr. S. F. Upham, of Boston, chaired the attendance of the vast audience for an hour while he eloquently told how two wealthy, honorable men (Nicomedes and Joseph), who were secret disciples of Jesus, became open Christians. The subject was drawn from John 19: 38-40. At the close, Bro. Bates conducted an altar service of deep interest. The evening Bro. S. L. Hanson preached an interesting sermon regarding "Him whose name shall be called Wonderful."

Thursday, at 8 a. m., a love-feast was held of delightful interest. At 10 a. m., Brother E. R. Thordike, of Everett, Mass., delivered a very direct and powerful sermon from 1 Cor. 15: 58-57. At the close many came forward for prayers. At 2 p. m., Bro. A. Prince discoursed in his usual interesting manner from Luke 5: 32. Bro. W. Hudson preached in the evening to a good audience from John 3: 16.

Friday morning, at 8 o'clock, another love-feast was held at the stand. At 10 a. m., Bishop McManis addressed the congregation for two hours with great earnestness, from Matt. 2: 1. The Bishop conducted the afternoon service, holding the attention of the audience for nearly three hours, while with his true Irish hospitality he narrated his experience and exposed the craftiness and iniquity of Romanism. Every minister of the Gospel may learn a valuable lesson from this earnest, vehement emancipator of his down-trodden countrymen; he has a case, and he will present it to the people.

The meeting closed Friday evening with a service at the stand, at which earnest addresses were given by Bros. Day, Handy, Haskell, Tyler, Prescott, and McNamara. This was one of the best meetings ever held on the ground. The ground never presented so fine an appearance as this year. Several new converts have been built the past year, and about \$400 expended by the Association for improvements. A tasteful fountain has been erected in a central position where "ice-water" is dispensed to the thirsty crowd. The Association was never in so healthy financial condition as now. JASON.

Lasell Seminary.
This Seminary has clearly outgrown its quarters. Last year the principal and family surrendered their suite of rooms to the demand of boarding-pupils, living in a hired house near by. These quarters, large, the residence has been taken, and filled with those who desire to perfect themselves in French. The French professor and family have moved into another large house (both very near the Seminary) have been utilized by those, both teachers and pupils, for whom there is no room in the other buildings. The Seminary is full from end to end of fresh, eager young women who begin joyfully a year of work in this home of rare advantages, while several (some from a long distance), not having secured places in time, have had to be refused admission and placed on the list of those awaiting vacancies. In the midst of the generous giving of these days, where are the men or women who would gladly aid in erecting much-needed additions? Surely no money for educational purposes could be better used than in helping Lasell to give her practical training to young women. The trustees have done nobly in putting their hands into their own pockets and paying \$30,000 of its debt, thus making its position and future secure beyond a question. The work commends itself.

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